

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1960

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

Miss Gillard

ON THE OCCASION OF HER THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY
AS HEAD MISTRESS OF KING'S HALL

Per Annos

June 1960



HONORARY EDITOR
Miss Gillard

EDITOR
Margot McMurrich

LITERARY EDITOR
Janet Beattie

ART EDITOR
Joan Howard

ADVERTISING EDITOR
Patricia McLean

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
Jennifer Patton

SCHOOL YEAR EDITOR
Bonnie Ross

SPORTS EDITOR
Joan Corry

FORM REPRESENTATIVES
Matric: Susan Gordon

VI A: Diana Gordon
V A: Mary Cape

VI B: Joyce Leslie
V B, IV A, IV B: Elizabeth MacNaughton

STAFF ADVISERS
Miss Morris Miss MacLennan
Miss Limb Miss Dexter

Editorial

"Forty years on when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing today."

The voices are raised. The song rings out, and never with more significance and effect than at the Closing. The bond of school comradeship, the realization of a milestone reached and about to be passed, the personal sense of losing a pattern of life so familiar and so dear—all combine to arouse tender and nostalgic emotions.

We who leave King's Hall this year or any year are not alone in experiencing those feelings of sadness amidst the excitement and gaiety of the Closing. The members of the school who are returning and the long-suffering Staff who anticipate yet another year are sympathetically affected. Certainly the parents and friends and those "old girls" who are present reach back across the forty, thirty, twenty years and less to their own graduation. They share memories of the thrill of school-leaving; most have a strong sense of being a part of the familiar surroundings. While we sing our songs, bid farewell to each other and the Staff, and prepare for what lies ahead, those who have put their Compton training to the test of time wish us well and hope that we may carry our gifts proudly and use them wisely.

But there is something more that influences and governs the mood of the girls, the women, who have experienced the years beyond King's Hall, something which we at school have not yet appreciated—a sense of value—not value in the market place, but value which gives perspective

and truth to the many lessons learned, the manners taught, the customs observed and the examples given during Compton years. No matter what and how varied their experiences, the soundness and wisdom of the advice and guidance received had been clearly demonstrated time and time again. Looking back over the years those now parted 'afar and asunder' appreciate the importance of Miss Gillard's sincere and constant counsel, never better exemplified than in a letter which she wrote to a graduating class of some twenty-five years ago, and which reads in part:

"I am wondering what kind of women you are going to be. I am going to describe to you the kind of woman I want you to be. I want you to be courageous, loyal and kind; I want each one to realize that she is not the most important person in the world; I want you to be independent and self-reliant,—to love great books and noble thoughts. Of course, I want you to be happy, but happiness only comes from the spirit within you."

As we leave King's Hall why shouldn't we grasp this message and thus achieve the sooner the happiness of which she speaks? The years ahead will bring increasing responsibilities which can be met from the beginning with grace and cheerfulness. Happiness will be measured in the discharge of these responsibilities. For real happiness will be in proportion to our contribution to life and the contribution will be governed by our sense of value.

THANK YOU

We of the Magazine committee wish to express our thanks to the four Staff advisers, without whose help this magazine could never have been published; to Miss Jenkins who assisted us in typing articles; and to the many girls who have collected advertisements and contributed material. We hope you will feel that this year's **Per Annos** has been a success.



Miss Gillard

May 13, 1960.

My Dear Girls:

Recently I read an interesting discussion on "Esprit de Corps" and whether it is a good thing in girls' schools. I found it so enlightening and so worth-while that I have decided to relay it to you as the theme of my School Letter.

First, what is Esprit de Corps? It is the feeling that we are one of a large body of which we are proud. A soldier has it when he is proud of his regiment and of belonging to it. Is it a good thing? I feel that it is a necessary thing. Any Principal wants her School to be full of it, but of the best kind. It must not be overdone or it loses its value.

What are some of the pitfalls to be avoided? One is conceit—allowing the feeling of belonging to a fine institution to swallow up personal humility—allowing ourselves to become self-satisfied and allowing the fact that we are living up to the average standard imposed by public opinion and esprit de corps to satisfy us instead of trying to live up to our own best self. If we are trying to live up to the highest standard we know we will not be comfortable or self-satisfied for we will always be failing, but failing nobly. There will be no room for self-satisfaction, far less conceit.

Sometimes esprit de corps not only makes us think a great deal of our own merits, but may make us blind to the merits of others. Esprit de corps—loyalty to a group—is a fine thing but we degrade it when we turn it into mere clannishness. It ought to bring out our love for all that is good wherever we find it.

What is true esprit de corps? It should be, being content to sink all personal interests—being content to be as he that doth serve—being glad and proud to fill the smallest post in the most perfect way for the good of the group.

Some say women are incapable of true esprit de corps, that women cannot put their private feelings in their pockets and act in subordination to the good of the whole—that they cannot sink their self-importance and their petty jealousies. Surely that is not true. But remember—nothing so entirely kills esprit de corps as self-seeking—nothing is so alien to true greatness as the wish to be Number One. We should all stand shoulder to shoulder doing our duty in home and school, helping each other because 'our advantages are trusts for the good of others.' Those who have power—prefect, senior, a head of a form or through being popular, must remember that power was given to them to do more for others—they are made chief in order that they may be as he that serveth—privilege means responsibility not enjoyment. To order others about and be lax with ourselves should make us ashamed. Esprit de corps should make us carry out minutely every law, great or small, that we help to enforce on others. We must learn to use our power for the good of the whole, not for our own pleasure.

The clever girl who wins prizes and helps her school to shine shows esprit de corps, but I feel that the plodding girl who determines to give her best to the school shows even more esprit de corps. Perhaps she gets low marks, but if she has given her **best** she has fought a good battle for the school and has helped to maintain the high standard of duty upon which every good school is founded.

One last thing. If girls are really growing as they should in gentleness, courtesy, reverence for age and all that makes true womanhood, it must tell on their manners, and if they are not doing so, their school is failing them. If they have true esprit de corps they will do everything they can for the good and credit of their school both while they are in School and when they take their place in the wider School of Life.

Yours affectionately,



Adapted from a chapter in "Stray Thoughts for Girls," by Miss L. H. M. Soulsby.

Vale

It was with sincere regret that King's Hall learned of the approaching retirement of His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec. Archbishop Carrington's visits to the school have been very special occasions for all of us. The girls who have been confirmed in St. James, Compton, will remember him as a very important part of a great moment in their lives. Those who have listened to him in church or talked with him at school will remember a kindly friend whose sincerity and wit made each occasion one to be remembered. Mrs. Carrington's visits to the school have given us much pleasure as well as a deeper insight into the many activities of the church. We are sorry to see them go, but we wish them health and happiness in their home in England.

Congratulations Awards

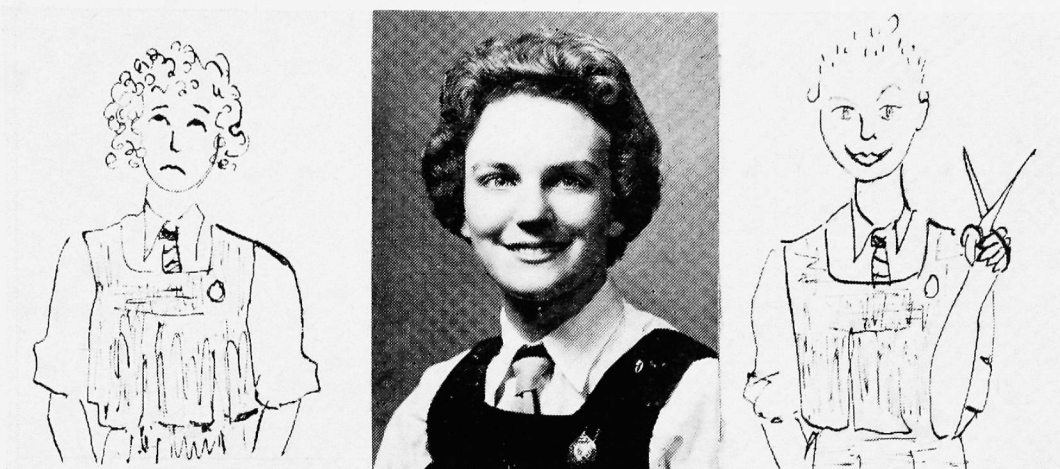
Per Annos would like to congratulate those Comptonites who, this year, have ventured beyond the confines of the School to enter several competitions. They have covered themselves with glory and we enjoy basking in the reflected light.

Congratulations to Alix Palk for her success in the St. Francis District Public Speaking Contest sponsored by the McGill Graduate Society.

Congratulations to Miss Hewson and the cast and crew of "Hiawatha" for their outstanding performance and 'Best Play' award in the Sherbrooke District Youth Drama Festival. Special mention should be made of Alix Palk's award in this production as the "Best Actress."

Congratulations to Susan Gordon, who, with three others, entered a Mathematics Competition sponsored by the Canadian Mathematical Congress. Susan has been notified that she has won one of the prizes but no mention was made of the particular award—it may be District or it may be Provincial. She goes to Montreal May 20th to receive her award. Congratulations!

Head Girl



ALIX PALK—"Al"
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Montcalm
1956-60

"Alexander at the head of the world
never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age
have enjoyed at the head of a school."

Activities:—Head Girl; Form Captain VI B, VI A; Library Committee;
Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club;
Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Swimming; Badminton.
Favourite Pastime:—Knitting.
Probable Destination:—Grandmother.
Theme Song:—"I love Paris."

Head Girl's Message

The quotation that I have chosen was written by Horace Walpole in the Eighteenth Century. Now two centuries later, Walpole would see senior girls enjoying this "True pleasure." However, the eighteenth century senior boys developed their leadership autocratically; we twentieth century senior girls have had a far greater opportunity, that of developing our leadership democratically.

I could never begin to tell you all the things that I have enjoyed and learned this year. To be a part of Macdonald and Rideau as well as Montcalm is an experience in itself, for I felt in much closer contact with all of you. You have been working towards the two shields—some weeks more conscientiously than others—but even though your House may not win in points, you are, nevertheless, winners for having fought well.

Elsewhere in the Magazine are the Old Girls' notes from the past years in honour of Miss Gillard's thirtieth year at King's Hall. Knowing the value of their school-days here, they still retain close ties with each other and with the school. Now that we—the Matrics.—are ready to leave, we are just beginning to realize how very much our life here has meant. Each Matric. class is like a link that connects two other links—the past and the future—to build a mighty chain. Our thoughts are especially with the Matrics. of 1961, who have their senior year ahead; we wish you the best of luck and hope that you will enjoy your last year as much as we have enjoyed ours.

In closing I immediately think of the words from a hymn we have often sung together at the end of each year.

"God be with you till we meet again!"

ALIX.

Prefects



DIANA STEWART—"Di"
Pointe Claire, Quebec

Macdonald
1955-60

"A pure heart, a ready smile,
Will ever make ones life worthwhile."

Activities:—Head of Macdonald; Form Captain V B, V A, VI B, VI A;
Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Sports Captain
V B; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton;
Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Smile!"

Ambition:—Di Stewart, B.A.; M.A.; etc.

Probable Destination:—Di—Mrs.



VALERIE MORRIS—"Val"
Montreal, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-60

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you.
Weep and you weep alone."

Activities:—Prefect on Macdonald; Form Captain VI A; Library Com-
mittee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events;
Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton.
Favourite Pastime:—Eating popcorn in the middle of the night.

Ambition:—To be a nurse.

Pet Aversion:—People who get more mail than I do.



MARILYN COWIE—"Moo"
Beauport, Quebec

Montcalm
1955-60

"You can't tell a book by its cover."

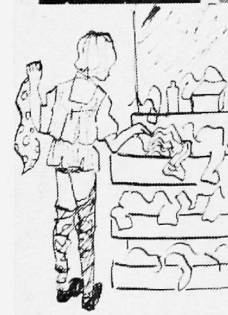
Activities:—Head of Montcalm; Form Captain VI A; Head of Library
Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior
Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School; Swimming.

Favourite Pastime:—Eating.

Pet Aversion:—People who do not pass things at the table.

Ambition:—To get my R.N. at the M.G.H.



CHARLOTTE STEVENS
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm
1955-60

"If at first you don't succeed you'll get a lot of unsolicited advice."

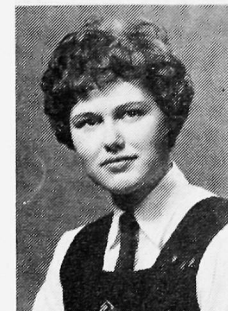
Activities:—Prefect on Montcalm; Form Captain VI A; Library Com-
mittee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Sports Captain V B, V A; Magazine
Committee VI B, VI A; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public
Speaking.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"What a howl!"

Prototype:—Chipmunk

Pet Aversion:—People who get up at the bell.



DIONE NEWMAN—"Newmie"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1956-60

"I live in the world rather as a spectator of man-
kind than as one of the species."

Activities:—Head of Rideau; Form Captain VI B; Library Committee;
Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior
Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Pastime:—Doodling.

Pet Aversion:—People who call me Deon.

Theme Song:—"I'm biding my time."



JUDITH HOUSE—"Judy"
Corner Brook, Newfoundland

Rideau
1956-60

"To spend too much time in studies is sloth."

Activities:—Prefect on Rideau; Library Committee; Literature Club;
Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public
Speaking; Producer Matric Entertainment.

Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"Me too."

Pet Aversion:—People who giggle.

Theme Song:—"High Hopes."

PENELOPE AYRE—"Penny"
St. John's, Newfoundland

Macdonald
1956-60

"I have found you an argument.
I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

Activities:—Residence Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club;
Dramatics; Sports Captain VI B; Current Events; Junior Red Cross;
Art Committee; Public Speaking; Matric Entertainment Committee.
Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Swimming;
Badminton; Tennis.
Ambition:—Interior decorating.
Probable Destination:—Hairdresser at K.H.C.
Pet Aversion:—Noise.



SUSAN McMASTER—"Micky"
Montreal, Quebec

Macdonald
1955-60

"A place for Everything: Everything in its place."

Activities:—Residence Captain; Library Committee; Choir; Literature
Club; Dramatics; Sports Captain V A; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior
Red Cross Secretary; Matric Entertainment Committee.
Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton;
Tennis.
Ambition:—To ski well.
Probable Destination:—Running the tows.
Pet Aversion:—Midnight fire-drill.



ANN CONNACHER—"Conn"
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Macdonald
1956-60

"Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator
of mankind than as one of the species."

Activities:—School Sports Captain; Library Committee; Choir; Literature
Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Swimming;
Badminton.
Favourite Pastime:—Waiting for the Winnipeg mail.
Favourite Expression:—"I just don't have the time."
Theme Song:—"You'll never walk alone."

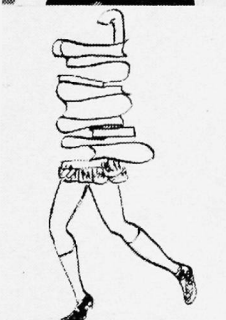


CYNTHIA GORDON—"Cynnie"
Toronto, Ontario

Macdonald
1956-60

"Man has his will—but woman has her way."

Activities:—Crucifer; School Sports Captain; Library Committee; Choir;
Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Sports Captain V A, VI B;
Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School; Badminton;
Swimming; Tennis.
Ambition:—To find a substitute for Michael Angelos 'David.'
Probable Destination:—Getting stuck with a statue.



Form Captains

MARGOT McMURRICH—"Mugs"
Hamilton, Ontario

Macdonald
1957-60

"Thou hast wit and fun and fire."

Activities:—Matric Form Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club;
Dramatics; Magazine Editor; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red
Cross; Matric Entertainment Committee.
Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Badminton.
Favourite Expression:—"Quel riot!"
Favourite Pastime:—Long playing of long play records.
Theme Song:—"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!"



JOAN CORRY—"Cor"
Kingston, Ontario

Rideau
1957-60

"Thinking is the hardest work there is;
which is the probable reason why so few engage in it."

Activities:—Assistant Form Captain; Literature Club; Dramatics; Sports
Captain; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross;
Public Speaking; Bell-ringer VI A; Matric Entertainment Committee.
Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Badminton;
Swimming.
Favourite Expression:—"It's about the fact —!"
Ambition:—To have an ambition.
Theme Song:—"Here comes Summer!"



Matrics



JANET BEATTIE—"Beats"
Fort Chambly, Quebec

Macdonald
1958-60

"Though conquered she could argue still."

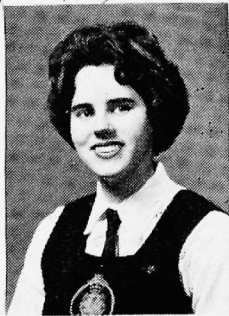
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Volleyball-House; Badminton.

Favourite Pastime:—Singing (?) and Bridge.

Pet Aversion:—People who say 'How well you're looking'—meaning you've gained 5 pounds.

Theme Song:—"With a Song in my Heart."



CHERRY BOWER—"Chair"
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Rideau
1957-60

"Music alone with sudden charm can bind
The wandering sense and calm the troubled mind."

Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Library Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Matric Entertainment Committee.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Swimming-House; Badminton; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Obviously —!"

Pet Aversion:—Diets—of any kind, shape or form.

Theme Song:—"I hear music but there's no one there."



JANICE BYERS—"Jannie"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1955-60

"Cookery is become an art, a noble science: Cooks are gentlewomen."

Activities:—Form Captain V B, V A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Candy Cupboard Caretaker; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh, you dear thing!"

Ambition:—To be a kindergarten teacher.

Pet Aversion:—People calling me "Byers."



GABRIELLE DE KUYPER—"Gabi"
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald
1955-60

"Why be difficult, when with a little more effort
you can be impossible!"

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"My dear — —!"

Prototype:—Auntie Mame.

Favourite Pastime:—Trying to play bridge.



SUSAN GORDON—"Suc"
Elmira, New York, U.S.A.

Montcalm
1956-60

"All the world is mad but me and thee, and thee a little bit."

Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House.

Favourite Expression:—"Honestly!"

Pet Aversion:—Writing letters.

Theme Song:—"Where or When."



HELEN HAND—"Hel"
Pembroke, Bermuda

Montcalm
1955-60

"A weaver of dreams."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis; Swimming.

Favourite Expression:—"Who? Me!"

Favourite Pastime:—Figuring ways to do the least amount of work in the greatest amount of time.

Ambition:—Dietitian.

JOAN HOWARD—"Hoggy"
Montreal, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-60

"All that we ever see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."

Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics;
Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton;
Tennis.

Ambition:—Commercial art.

Probable Destination:—Painting white lines on highways.

Pet Aversion:—People who won't lend toothpaste.



PATRICIA McLEAN—"Pat"
Westmount, Quebec

Rideau
1956-60

"Silence is the virtue of fools!"

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine
Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis;
Badminton.

Ambition:—To be a mathematician.

Probable Destination:—Counting chickens.

Pet Aversion:—People who call me "Patsy."



SHERRILL NORCROSS—"Sherry"
Ottawa, Ontario

Montcalm
1956-60

"Better a blush on the face than a blot in the heart."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club;
Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.

Ambition:—To be a model.

Probable Destination:—A model for the "before" pictures.

Pet Aversion:—Dieting.



JENNIFER PATTON—"Jen"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1954-60

"Flirtation: attention without intention."

Activities:—Form Captain IV A; Library Committee; Literature Club;
Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Badminton;
Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Don't mind me—but— —!"

Favourite Pastime:—Playing bridge.

Pet Aversion:—Straight hair.



VIRGINIA PRICE—"Ginny"
Victoria, British Columbia

Macdonald
1956-8, 1959-60

"Rire, c'est la santé de l'esprit."

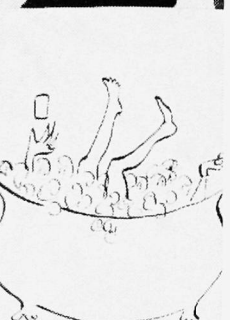
Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics;
Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton;
Tennis.

Favourite Pastime:—Having hysterics.

Pet Aversion:—Finding the bath occupied.

Theme Song:—"Let's get away from it all."



ROSALIND PUNNETT—"Roz"
St. Vincent, British West Indies

Montcalm
1957-60

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

That is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

Activities:—Literature Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red
Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.

Favourite Expression:—"What seldom comes, comes wished for."

Favourite Pastime:—Riding horseback.

Theme Song:—"I'll be home for Christmas if only in my dreams."





BEVERLEY ROSS—"Bonnie"
Hudson, Quebec

Montcalm
1956-60

"It's better to be short and bright, than tall and cast a shadow."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton.

Favourite Pastime:—Keeping track of birthdays.

Ambition:—To keep track of the Matrics of '60.

Probable Destination:—Being another Louella Parsons.



CAROLE SALMON—"Fish"
Nassau, Bahamas

Macdonald
1956-60

"Early to rise and early to bed,
Makes a girl healthy and wealthy and dead!"

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis; Badminton; Swimming.

Theme Song:—"Freckles."

Ambition:—To be able to sing.

Probable Destination:—Yale Glee Club.



JANET SIMMS—"Simsy"
GrandMère, Quebec

Montcalm
1956-60

"A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever."

Activities:—Head of Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"Precisely!"

Favourite Pastime:—Talking.

Pet Aversion:—People who insist on silence.



ANN SMITH—"Ana"
Guatemala City, Guatemala, C.A.

Macdonald
1954-60

"Thinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd, and danc'd, and talk'd, and sung."

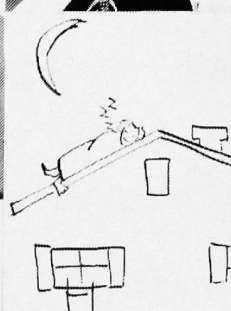
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Sports Captain V B; Magazine Committee V A; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis; Swimming; Badminton.

Favourite Pastime:—Merenqueando con los chapines.

Ambition:—To see and know the world!

Probable Destination:—Working for a travel agency.



ROBERTA STARKE—"Bobby"
Cap-Chat, Quebec

Rideau
1953-60

"Laziness decline, rise and shine."

Activities:—Form Captain IV A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"You know what I mean."

Ambition:—To reach the summit without the climb.

Theme Song:—"High Hopes."

THE MATRIC FORM REPORT

Lights out! As we fall asleep we are haunted by the thought of the Form report we have postponed doing for so long. In the nightmare which follows, we find that we are sentenced to life imprisonment for this crime. As we enter our cell, VII B, we discover that we are not alone, but are surrounded by twenty-eight others.

Our first acquaintance is Joan Howard, alias "The Hand," who is serving a ten-year sentence for attempting to forge Rembrandts. Next, we meet Pat McLean and Sue Gordon, famous relations of Einstein's. After a five-hour session of working algebra problems they scored evenly and so held an illicit duel for the championship. For this they are serving a five-year term during which they will prepare a new algebra text. Ann Connacher and Charlotte Stevens, still quoting Virgil, are in prison for exchanging Latin notes in Prep. At their trial the defence lawyer was unable to speak any thing but Latin, and thus failed to convince the English-speaking jury of their innocence.

As we move on, we find Carol "The Curl" Salmon admiring herself in a pane of broken glass. It seems Carol is serving a five-year term for disturbing the peace by rattling rollers and clips after lights. We are next greeted by Bonnie "The Busy" Ross, to whom we quickly relate our life history. She is serving a short time for an extraordinary crime. Apparently she was so busy remembering everyone else's birthday that she forgot her own. Pouring over huge volumes we find the "Book Worms," Simms and Cowie, who together staged a raid on the Compton Library and carried off a thousand books from this famous collection.

Next we come across Penny Ayre, who is in prison for losing her temper when the twenty-ninth person asked her to open confiscation and she refused vehemently. As the familiar rhythm of "Cha-cha-cha" drifts across the room we see "Ana" Smith, who is recovering from the after-effects of last night. She is serving a five-year term for having produced intoxicating tomato juice.

Still singing is Alix, "The Voice" Palk, who is sentenced to ten years for high treason to the West. Her defection was expressed when she so feelingly sang "I Love Paris." Cherry, "The Haze" Bower, famous singer, dancer and pianist, has had a slight set-back—a broken jaw—and is passing her convalescence here entertaining the inmates.

Helen Hand turned up with an exquisite Mexican bracelet, and as she is not willing to disclose the source of this object, she is awaiting trial for having stolen the Armstrong jewels. Sherill Norcross, "Norty" is serving a short term for having broken her strict diet. We hear she actually ate a piece of toast with butter for breakfast.

As we proceed on our rounds of the cell we surprisingly come across Byers, McMaster and Price. These individuals are not really prisoners, but famous cooks from "Le Tour d'Argent" in

Paris, who wish to try their new concoctions on some willing volunteers. So far their experiments have been very successful (the inmates having all gained on an average of twenty pounds) much to the advantage of Rosalind Punnett, ex-seamstress of King's Hall, who is now busy letting out seams. Rosalind was sued by Christian Dior for copying one of his dresses and calling it a "Punnett Original."

The next group we encounter consists of the "card sharks," de Kuyper, Beattie, Patton and C. Gordon. The first-three have been sentenced to fifteen years for playing bridge in class. C. Gordon is serving life for having trumped her partner's ace.

Frantically writing letters is Val Morris, serving life for having attempted to rob the Queen's mail because she didn't receive her five daily letters. In a corner nearby, looking quite dejected, sits Judy House. Apparently she deliberately committed the crime of doing some hard work in the hope that she would receive a life sentence to the B.C.S. jail. She was sent here instead. Still doing push-ups is Di Stewart, who is serving a short term for actually getting a minus for doing exercises after lights. Bobby "The Scientific" Starke, in her insatiable thirst for fame, got rather rash in the chemistry lab and caused a slight explosion for which she is now in the midst of a ten-year term. (Notorious at last, Bobby!)

In the middle of the room sits Newman, pining over the loss of her tadpoles. In her experimental work at Compton, Dione bred so many of this species that they utterly over-ran the trout population of the pond.

Margot McMurrich and Joan Corry, as well as being imprisoned for delaying to write the Form report, are also guilty of several minor offences. Margot had kept an extra-watchful eye on the mark sheet and Joan had overslept the breakfast bell on several occasions.

Silence falls over the cell as we hear the approaching footsteps of our two wardens, Miss Morris and Miss Keyzer. We wish to thank them for their patience during trials, and for handling the inmates so well.

Suddenly we are brought back to reality by the familiar clang of the rising bell, which reminds us that this is Monday morning. This week is work week, and the Form report must be done.

MARGOT McMURRICH
JOAN CORRY

VI A FORM REPORT

Known as the sporty class (forget the academics) the VI A's were represented on every school team. Although all are enthusiastic, the leading athletes are Butterfield, Gordon, Grant, MacDougald, Nichols, V., and Rowan-Legg. These were on both the soccer and basketball teams. Bernier, Cordeau, and Molson were on the soccer team; Oughtred was a member of the basketball team. The senior badminton doubles and singles were both won by VI A's, with Sonne doing most of the refereeing. During the winter term Bernier, Cordeau, Meagher and Rankin were the most outstanding on the ski slopes. In the last term, Kingston, Punnett, and Romano are among those frequently seen on the tennis courts. Our gym classes, which we all enjoy very much, will result, we hope, in an exhibition of co-ordinated (???) exercises for the Gym Demonstration.

Besides sports, dramatics have claimed a good deal of the time of several people. King's Hall entered two productions in the Youth Drama Festival in Sherbrooke. "To Each Generation," a one-act play, was a purely VI A effort, the cast consisting of Butterfield, Cordeau, Fraser, MacDougald, and Romano, with Bell as the very efficient Assistant Director and Prompter. The cast of Miss Hewson's operetta, "The Childhood of Hiawatha," was drawn from the top three Forms of the school and included sixteen VI A's. This, by the way, won the award.

Judy Westwater and Betty Taylor are our competent Library Heads. Their efforts to get us reading were so successful that we have been found curled up in cupboards and bathtubs reading at questionable hours of the night.

The artistic members of our Form, Barrett, Bell, Maclaren, Nichol, N., Romano, Taylor, and Vaughan were largely responsible for the original and effective decorations of the Formal and the Christmas Party.

Two of our Form are capable pianists—Bieler and Frost. They and a number of others sing in the school choir, while many also belong to the Glee Club.

Those specializing in Household Science—Ayres, Sonne, and Vaughan—treated us one day to a sample of their "cordon bleu" cuisine in the form of a chocolate cake. These Household Science girls, along with Archer, who has proved herself an excellent seamstress, and Fraser, our Red Cross Assistant Head, encouraged and exhorted us into producing a fairly large contribution to the Red Cross box.

The class officers this year were as follows:

Form Captains—Molson, Rowan-Legg, Nichols, and Bernier.

Sport's Captains—Grant, MacDougald, and Butterfield.

Magazine Representative—Gordon.

Bell Ringer—Bell.

We were all sorry to lose two members of our Form, S. McArthur and S. Maclaren, who decided not to return after Easter. Best of luck in the future, "Sues."

We have left the best to the end.

Our thanks to Miss Keith we all send.

How could we forget

To repay our great debt

To a "super" Form mistress and friend.

FORM REPORT, VI B

In September, 1959, Form VI B assembled; twenty-five girls eager to start the new year's work. Later in the term, a new girl, Joanne Hamilton, joined us. Joanne has proved to be a very pleasant addition.

In the first term Cathy Stewart was chosen Form Captain and Sally Ross, Sport's Captain. In the second term these offices were held by Joyce Leslie and Shawn O'Brien. In the third term, Cathy again became Form Captain and Shawn continued as Sport's Captain. All carried out their duties most effectively.

VI B took part in many activities throughout the year. During the Autumn, they played soccer enthusiastically. Cheryl Lumiere, Sherry Taylor, Marcia Pacaud and Jennifer Giles won places on the school team. Great eagerness was shown by the girls participating in basketball and volleyball. These games took place in the Winter term. The Form is proud of its performance and work in the Senior Glee Club's production of "Hiawatha." Cathy Stewart had the role of Hiawatha and Sue Brainerd, Cathy Stewart, Joyce Leslie and Rosita Caridi were responsible for the truly striking scenery and stage effects.

VI B kept its mind on the outside world through the weekly Monday night Current Events Club. Under the capable leadership of Mrs. Doering, the girls discussed all important happenings.

Others were not forgotten. Once a week Marion Thomson, our Red Cross Representative, called the girls to a meeting. Here they sewed and knitted. The results of the work were seen in the magnificent display at the Red Cross Supper.

Such an enjoyable and successful year was largely due to our Form Mistress, Miss Ramsay and to her go our most sincere thanks.

There once was a Comptonite fair
 Who each night would put up her hair;
 When caught by the bell
 Down to breakfast pell-mell
 She would rush—half the curlers still there.



There once was a young girl called Kate
 Who at breakfast could never sit straight.
 When a Staff asked her why
 She made this reply,
 How can I? I'm not yet awake.

JANET BURGOYNE.



V A FORM REPORT

The thirty-five girls of this year's V A have had the honour of being the first occupants of the new classroom.

Our Form Captains have been Di. Bignell and Shireen Finch and our Sports Captains have been Janet Burgoyne and Elizabeth Cook.

V A has been very active in sports this year. In the Fall we played soccer. During the second term we participated in skiing, badminton and swimming.

V A have also taken part in French poems, Carols and Hallowe'en skits and we are now working on an operetta, "Yanki San." We have had Red Cross sales and raffles and have done a fair amount of work ourselves. Our Red Cross representative is Anne MacDonald.

We should like to thank Miss Limb very much for being such a wonderful Form Mistress to us this year.

JANET BURGOYNE, V A.

V B FORM REPORT

There were nineteen girls in V B this year, namely: Elizabeth Brown, Julianne Clarke, Andrea Jellicoe, Barbara Little, Nancy MacDonald, Elizabeth MacNaughton, Monica Marston, Joan McMaster, Andrea Newman, Kathleen Plow, Betty Jane Punnett, Frances Rinfret, Anne Ritchie, Sheila Salmond, Barbara Savage, Ann Stikeman, Elizabeth Stikeman, Marcella Vickers, and Antonia Wright.

We have had three Form Captains, B. J. Punnett, A. Newman, and B. Little, and also three Sports Captains. These were M. Vickers, J. Clarke, and B. Savage.

This year was most enjoyable for us all, as there was very little sickness. In the Christmas term, with Miss Hewson's help, we were able to put on a Christmas play, "The Magi's Gift." Most of us went to the tea dance at Bishop's College School, where we had a wonderful time.

In the second term we did a lot of skiing and skating and also indulged in many indoor sports. Early in January, with our Form Mistress's help, we started our Red Cross work.

We should all like to join in thanking Mrs. Elliott, our Form Mistress, for making this year so pleasant. Thank you, Mrs. Elliott.

BARBARA LITTLE



(THE ELEVATION, LOWERATION, AND STABILATION OF THE WAISTLINE)

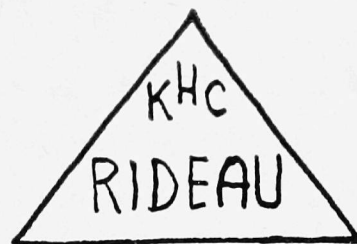
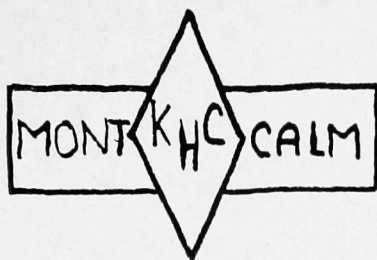
School Calendar

1959

School opened.....	Sept.	15
Prefects appointed.....	Sept.	22
Matric Entertainment.....	Oct.	3
Thanksgiving Week-end.....	Oct.	10-12
Red Cross taffy-apple sale.....	Oct.	22
Hallowe'en Party.....	Oct.	30
Soccer Match—Bishop's University at K.H.C.....	Nov.	4
Soccer Match—K.H.C. at Bishop's University.....	Nov.	10
French Plays.....	Nov.	15
"Patience" produced by Bishop's University.....	Nov.	20
Mrs. Carrington's visit.....	Dec.	2
Tea-dance at B.C.S.....	Dec.	5
Christmas exams.....	Dec.	5-11
Swimming meet.....	Dec.	12
Christmas Party.....	Dec.	13
School closed for holidays.....	Dec.	17

1960

School re-opened.....	Jan.	12
Red Cross Movies.....	Jan.	14
Mr. Roubakine showed pictures of Europe.....	Jan.	16
Public Speaking Contest.....	Jan.	19
Piano Recital by Mr. John MacKay.....	Jan.	24
Public Speaking semi-finals, Sherbrooke.....	Jan.	25
"Le Misanthrope" in Sherbrooke.....	Feb.	2
Compton Winter Carnival.....	Feb.	20
Prefect's Tea for School.....	Feb.	20
Finals of Public Speaking Contest in Montreal.....	Feb.	24
"Hamlet" at B.C.S.....	Feb.	26
Annual School Dance.....	Mar.	4
"Tea House of the August Moon" at Bishop's University.....	Mar.	5
Basketball game at Bishop's University.....	Mar.	10
Red Cross hot dog sale.....	Mar.	12
Junior French Plays.....	Mar.	13
Bishop's University Glee Club at K.H.C.....	Mar.	14
Basketball game—Bishop's University at K.H.C.....	Mar.	18
"Hiawatha" by Senior Glee Club.....	Mar.	20
Easter holidays started.....	Mar.	23
School re-opened.....	Apr.	6
Choir sang at St. George's, Lennoxville.....	Apr.	10
Annual Red Cross evening.....	Apr.	10
Easter week-end.....	Apr.	16-17
Recital at B.C.S.....	Apr.	21
Drama Festival in Sherbrooke.....	Apr.	23
Confirmation.....	May	7
Art Lecture by Mrs. Robin Watt.....	May	8
Choir sang at B.C.S. Chapel.....	May	11
Invitation Dance at B.C.S.....	May	13
Long Week-end.....	May	21-23
Final exams.....	June	1-7
School Closing.....	June	9



THE MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

Do you remember:

1. Becoming hoarse in House meetings?
"Her voice was ever soft and low
An excellent thing in women."
2. How poorly we did in House games at the beginning of the year and our improvement?
3. Who always delayed the volleyball games?
4. Ever having an orderly House walk? (we don't!)
5. When we almost forgot to say how pleased we were to be your Prefects?
6. Our success in the swimming meet?
7. Monty, our mascot, arriving and our having to explain what kind of animal he was?
8. The Sunday some Montcalmites went to slide on pieces of cardboard?
9. The winner of the inter-House badminton tournaments and the trouble we had to get the tournaments finished?
10. Which House forgot about the stamp collection? (Nearly!)
11. Joanne joining us and then our losing the two Sues?

When you asked yourself these questions did you recall as many happy memories as we did? 1959-60 was a wonderful year and we hope the future Prefects on the House will have as much fun with you as we had.

Love to all,

MOO AND CHARLOTTE



MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

Dear Macdonald,

Browning said,

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for?"

This, Macdonald, does apply to you. Throughout the whole year your goal has been high. We have all heard this familiar saying countless times, "A gallant defeat is better than an easy victory." This may, perhaps, apply more to our work than to our sports, but whether defeated or victorious, our old "Mac" cry never dies.

We cannot overlook our weaknesses, (few though they may be!) Just as a gentle hint (smile),

PLEASE Remember

Mondays and Thursdays ARE shoe-shining days;
You are supposed to hand in a LITTLE prep;
Notes should be passed discreetly at all times!
Flashlights should not be used as bed-lamps after
(?) o'clock;

King's Hall still has creaky floors;
Whispering is still a form of talking, no matter
how quiet it is;

And last, but not least, Gum is still gum, no
matter

What flavour, colour, or name is applied.

Enough! Enough!

Now, let's get down to what's really important.

A. You're the best House we, or any Prefects,
could want to be the Heads of, even on those
days when the weather seems a little heavily
overcast. (Remember, sunshine always follows
rain).

B. We'll miss you like the dickens!!!

C. Before we get to-o-o sentimental

Loads of "Hugs and Kisses,"

DI AND VAL.

P.S. We don't really have to wish next year's
Prefects all the luck and happiness, because with
Macdonald as their House, they can't have any-
thing **but**. . .!!!

RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

Dear Rideauites,

Do you remember one of our Matric. songs,
"High Hopes"? Well, High Hopes aren't enough,
but add to them our fighting House spirit and our
dauntless determination and what have we? We
may not have the shield or the cup, but we have
what it takes to "get there!"

Great Spirit, oh, we've got;

Loyalty, yes, we've got;

Never mind the minuses,

Just the plusses—

In sports we can top!

'Cause every time we're losing

We get to cheering,

And everything goes pop!

There goes another win—"KERPLOP!"

We wish all of you, and the Heads of Rideau
next year the best of luck always.

Lots of love,

DIONE AND JUDY.

MRS. CARRINGTON'S VISIT

Last November Mrs. Carrington paid her annual visit to King's Hall. Mrs. Carrington, whose topic is always the youth work of the Anglican Church, began by speaking of several "Old Girls" who were, or are, engaged in voluntary work in one or other of the church's many activities. She then went on to outline and praise the work of the girls' auxiliary camps and church groups.

As an interesting "extra" she told us many stories about members of the Royal Family and about the Royal Visit to Canada last year and the opening of the Seaway.

Mrs. Carrington's talk was enjoyed by us all, and we know that her visits and those of His Grace will be greatly missed in the years to come, because we understand that he is soon to retire.

JANE MACDOUGALD, VI A.



SLIDES OF SWITZERLAND

During the Christmas term we were fortunate in having a visit from Mr. Roubakine, an accomplished pianist who had given us a concert a year ago. Mr. Roubakine's avocation is photography, and this year he came, not to play to us, but to show us his slides of Switzerland.

In his introduction he stressed the fact that his slides were not of the cities and tourist parts of Switzerland, but of unique spots in out-of-the-way places. I never saw anything as beautiful as the pictures which he showed. Every slide was a photographic masterpiece. His theme was "The Coming of Winter." The pictures began in the autumn and continued through the first snow-storm of winter. No words could express the beauty of the scenes shown. Flowers, sunsets and sunrises, small mountain villages, lakes among the Alps, and the Alps themselves were photographed. Many of the pictures were taken from a small plane which went so near the mountain peaks we held our breath for fear.

As well as being fascinated by the pictures we were entranced by the narrative which accompanied them. The slides ended all too soon, bringing us from Switzerland back to the reality of Compton.

GILLIAN ROWAN-LEGG, VI A.

JOHN MACKAY'S RECITAL

On Sunday, January 24, the school was pleased to hear a concert by a young and promising pianist, John MacKay. He played several well-known compositions by Brahms and Chopin and some not quite so well-known by Pepin. He also played a moving piece by Lizt called "St. Francis de Paule, Marchant Sur les Flots."

I am sure I speak for the whole school when I say that listening to Mr. MacKay was a pleasant, refreshing way of spending our Sunday evening.

SHARON FROST, VI A.



THE BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB

For all of us who remembered the delightful performance given by The Bishop's University Glee Club last year, their coming once again this year—on the evening of March 14, was a much anticipated event.

They gave us an excellent selection of songs—some spirituals, some popular ones, a few old favourites, and many less familiar compositions. A Women's Quartet sang "Scarlet Ribbons," a song loved by all. The popular "Marianne" has been turned into an amusing duet, which two of the girls sang. We also enjoyed the Men's Quintet in several well-known songs. We hope the Bishop's Glee Club will return next year.

JUDITH WESTWATER, VI A.



TALK ON PORTRAIT PAINTING

One of the talks which we most enjoyed this year was Mrs. Robin Watt's on "Portrait Painting." Vast as the subject is, Mrs. Watt covered it in such a way as to give us a distinct—though brief—glimpse of portrait painting in pretty well all its aspects. She told us about many famous portrait painters and their work—both Europeans and Canadians. After that she spoke of the training necessary for the portrait painter. With quick, spontaneous motions which filled us with awe, her experienced hand produced a few charcoal sketches to demonstrate some of "the tricks of the trade." When her talk was finished she left behind her a fascinated and appreciative audience.

GILLIAN MACLAREN, VI A.

"PATIENCE"

We always look forward to a Bishop's University production, and did so especially this year when we learned that it was to be Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience."

This school, as well as several other nearby schools and a large number of adult visitors, attended the production, and we were not disappointed. The opera was very well executed, and the costumes and scenery added much to our enjoyment. I'm sure that at the last curtain-call the actors themselves must have been gratified by the audience's reception of their achievement, which had needed not only enthusiasm but long hours of **patience**.

BETTY TAYLOR, VI A.

"LE MISANTHROPE"

On Tuesday night, February the second, the Matric. class had an experience unique in the history of the school. Accompanied by several Staff, they went to Sherbrooke to see "Le Misanthrope," a five-act play by Molière. It was put on by Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier de Paris, a renowned French company, which had previously put on performances in New York and Montreal. The actors performed in modern costume in order to show that the play belongs to every century.

Although not many girls understood every word of the French, the superb acting of this experienced group conveyed the full meaning of the play, which was enjoyed by all of us. We agreed that seeing "Le Misanthrope" produced by a company of the first rank was an experience to remember.

SUSAN GORDON, Matric.

"HAMLET" AT B.C.S.

On Friday, February 26, we all spent a very entertaining evening at B.C.S., where we saw an excellent production of "Hamlet." The colourful costumes, together with the comparatively simple scenery and lighting made an effective atmosphere.

Ronald Saykaly, who played Hamlet, did magnificently, while Mark Turgeon as the humorous Polonius, and Roger Bell as Laertes both played particularly well.

The success of the production and the marked enthusiasm made this outing one that was greatly enjoyed by all of us.

MARY MOLSON, VI A.

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON

On Saturday, March the fifth, the Matric and VI A Forms had the pleasure of seeing "The Teahouse of the August Moon" presented by Bishop's University under the skilled direction of Prof. A. T. Motyer.

The theme of this enchanting comedy centered around Tobiki, a Japanese village. There, Captain Fisby and his interpreter, Sakini, had been sent for the purpose of instituting a democratic system of government and building a pentagon-shaped schoolhouse. The inhabitants of the village, however, applying the democratic principle they had been taught, insisted upon building a teahouse with the money the government had supplied for the school.

The scenery and costumes, particularly the kimonos of red, gold, and blue were exotic and beautiful, while the light Japanese music added to the gaiety and activity of the play.

The actors portrayed their parts with sensitiveness and humour. We thank the University for giving us the opportunity of seeing this famous satire.

CHERRY BOWER, Matric.

THE YOUTH DRAMA FESTIVAL

Everybody who had anything to do with it, was delighted that the new B.C.S. gym with its well-appointed stage was chosen for the Youth Drama Festival this year. The help and courtesy which we received from B.C.S. added to our enjoyment of the occasion and are deeply appreciated.

King's Hall entered two productions; one was the VI A play, "To Each Generation" by Dora Smith Conover. It has already been mentioned in the VI A "Report." The other was the beautiful little operetta, "The Childhood of Hiawatha," produced by Miss Hewson, and drawing its cast from VI B, VI A, and Matric. The operetta had some dancing and choral speaking as well as hauntingly lovely choruses and solos. The stage grouping, the lighting, and especially the scenery—designed and painted by Susan Brainerd—, were highly praised by the adjudicator, Mr. Symcox, who felt that they all formed a harmony and unity with each other and with the theme of the operetta. He gave the award to this operetta, and "the best actress award" to Alix Palk—who, he said, had managed to create one of those unforgettable "moments of the theatre." Our warmest congratulations to Miss Hewson, to Alix, to Cathy Stewart (Hiawatha), whose solos were charming, to Cherry Bower, the pianist, to the dancers, and to the chorus. You well deserved the honours you received.

FRENCH PLAYS

Through the course of the year we have been fortunate in having had several French evenings, when members of the Junior Forms, with a few V A's and VI B's, presented short plays and recited poems. A great deal of work lay behind these evenings. For weeks during early class period and sometimes before, each girl went over and over the poems, learning very carefully how to pronounce every word. As for the girls in the plays, they too spent many hours perfecting pronunciation and action.

When the poems and plays were finally put on the stage they were a great success. Every word was clearly enunciated and every girl seemed perfectly confident of what she was to do and say. Even those of the audience who could not understand all of the poems gained a fairly good idea of their content.

On behalf of the school I should like to thank the girls who participated, and especially Madame Landes, for such entertaining and educational evenings.

FRANCOISE BIELER, V A.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

This year the girls have taken so much interest in Public Speaking that in addition to a number of speaking periods in classrooms we have had three Public Speaking evenings in the Prep Hall, where the school was entertained by a variety of subjects.

Alix Palk, speaking on "The Allure of the Theatre," was chosen to represent King's Hall in the semi-final of the Public Speaking contest sponsored by the McGill Alumnae Society. This semi-final contest was held in Sherbrooke on February 24. Alix returned to the school "the proud winner." This meant that she was to represent the St. Francis district at the finals of the contest, to be held in Montreal on March 24. Though her speech there was very good she was not among the winners.

The Public Speaking evenings have given much valuable experience to the speakers, besides a great deal of interesting information to the audience.

KATHERINE KINGSTON, VI A.

THE PIANO RECITAL

Towards the end of the first term, Miss Macdonald and Miss Hewson gathered together their respective pupils to give the rest of the school a very nice piano recital. Many thanks to all concerned for an enjoyable evening.

SHARON FROST, VI A.

THE CHOIR REPORT

The choir work has, as always, been under the watchful guidance of Miss Macdonald. Besides directing our regular Sunday services, Miss Macdonald braved the cold of early morning to lead our outdoor carol singing before the close of the first term. For the carol service held on the last Sunday evening of the Christmas term we enjoyed learning a few carols new to us. Among these were "Beside Thy Cradle" and "The White Rose."

On Palm Sunday we were honoured by being invited to sing the service in St. George's Church in Lennoxville. Miss Hewson directed us on this occasion. After the service we were the guests of the Women's Guild at a delightful luncheon.

Later in the last term we expect to take part in a service at the new B.C.S. chapel, which the whole school has been invited to attend. Before the service, the Director of the Royal School of Church Music will hold a "workshop" for affiliated members. We appreciate the opportunity of participating in this, and benefiting from the Director's helpful criticisms.

We should like to thank Miss Macdonald and Miss Hewson for the time they have spent on us and for the help and enthusiasm which have made this year so stimulating and enjoyable for us all.

SHARON FROST, VI A.

THE SENIOR GLEE CLUB

This year the Senior Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Hewson, was again very active. But we were original too! Instead of preparing a few songs to sing at the end of the term as in former years, we worked throughout the second term to put on the operetta "Hiawatha's Childhood." It was more fun for us this way; scenery and costumes add so much excitement. We only hope the audience enjoyed the performance as much as we enjoyed producing it.

We also entered the Sherbrooke Youth Festival in late April and won first prize for our performance. This was a surprise to most of us, as we were merely entering the festival for our own enjoyment. Alix Palk, who had the major solo part, certainly deserved "The Best Actress" award.

I am sure I speak for each member of the Glee Club when I say that we gained a great deal of experience from the Glee Club this year. All the credit should go to Miss Hewson, who has managed to make this year's Senior Glee Club a success and a source of enjoyment for all members.

PAT McLEAN, Matric.

MATRIC. ENTERTAINMENT

The "H.M.S. Compton" was launched to the rollicking song "We Walk the Road Each Day," followed by a number of amusing and lively skits. One song "Jerry Our Boy," set to the Can-Can, was in honour of a well-known person, while one of the skits was a modernized version of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." As this thrilling drama progressed, the scenes took us from "Big Julie" languidly lounging on a couch while a beautiful damsel popped grapes into his mouth, to the final mock murder.

"The Birth of the Houses" told how Rideau, Macdonald, and Montcalm got their names, and naturally met with great applause from a very enthusiastic audience. Among the other skits two were especially appreciated—"Compton vs. B.C.S.," a hilarious and rather rowdy dance, and "The New Girl."

Towards the end, a surprised Miss Gillard was led to her throne on the stage, where she was crowned the popular "Captain of the Compton." Finally, the entire Matric. class assembled on the stage and sang "Smile," which added the perfect touch to a lovely evening.

Special thanks go to Judy House, who so skilfully directed the entertainment, and to Cherry Bower, who provided the excellent music. The songs were all set to tunes from "H.M.S. Pinafore." I am sure we shall all "Smile" when we remember how much we enjoyed the Matric. Entertainment of 1959.

MARY MOLSON, VI A.

THE THANKSGIVING WEEK-END

October the tenth! At last the long-anticipated week-end had arrived! Saturday morning saw the driveway a mass of cars and the front hall a sea of parents, daughters, and friends greeting one another.

On Sunday, St. James Church was filled to overflowing with visitors for the Thanksgiving service. The choir was at its best, the brass was its shiniest, and the altar steps were decorated with vegetables, fruit, and grain to remind us of the real meaning of Thanksgiving.

On Monday Mr. Burt produced a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner, to which all parents were invited.

Every girl in the school got out for at least one of the two days permitted. All too soon the week-end was over, and the hall became the scene of sad "good-bye's" and "thank you's," and the driveway a confusion of weary parents packing themselves into their cars for the long drive home.

GILLIAN MACLAREN, VI A.

HALLOWE'EN

The Hallowe'en party was held on October 30, and began as usual with the Hallowe'en supper. As always, the dining-room was eerie and dim, with streamers and balloons, and in the centre one giant, grotesque witch stirring her cauldron. It was the VI B's who had put up these decorations.

After supper we went up to the gym for the party proper, to which everyone wore costumes. Each Form put on an entertaining skit. The IV B's and IV A's acted "The Battle of New Orleans" in an amusing way. The V B's were people from Outer Space and danced the dances of their planets.



Then one of the V A's read a thrilling poem called "Hallowe'en Night" while the rest of the Form enacted it. The VI B's, portraying the "Babies" of Heintz Baby Foods, toddled in, each with the name of one Heintz Baby Food spelled out on her back. The Heintz Baby herself was wheeled in on a luggage truck at the end of the procession. The VI A's brought all of us into their game because they acted out charades which we had to guess. Each charade depicted a different brand of cigarettes. Last, but by no means least, were the Matrics, who acted out different proverbs very effectively.

The party ended with songs, a hokey-pokey, and the prizes. Since all the presentations had been so spirited and original and all the costumes so well-carried-out, Miss Gillard gave every one a little prize—a chocolate bar. The whole evening had been great fun.

SUSAN BRAINERD, VI B.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT and CAROL SERVICE

After supper on the last Sunday of the Christmas term we all met, as usual, in the Prep. Hall for the Pageant and Carol Service. The pageant, put on by the Juniors, was "The Magi's Gift," a charming story of the happiness and good fortune brought to a little girl by her brother, who, she supposed, was the Magi. The actresses deserve a great deal of praise for their performances, and special credit should be given to the brave soloists, Pinkle Sturgeon, Vicki Stewart, and Julie Clarke. The great success of this pageant was, I am sure, due to the perseverance and encouragement of Miss Hewson, the director. We enjoyed this Christmas entertainment immensely. Thank you all.

After the pageant we had a short, and very beautiful Carol Service. Every Form sang one lovely French carol and the Choir sang several English carols.

The evening ended with a party in the Lounge around the glowing Christmas tree. The Matrics. gave a delightful skit, "Christmas Eve," complete with Santa Claus and his little helpers. We were much amused by the clever verses the Matrics. had made up about each member of the Staff to accompany the gifts which Santa's little helpers handed out. The Staff were, I am sure, equally amused. Altogether we had a delightful evening, a foretaste of the happiness of Christmas.

JUDITH WESTWATER, VI A.

THE FORMAL

As the nine o'clock chimes sounded on Friday, March the twenty-fourth, a low murmur spread through the school. The message was passed along that the busses had arrived, bringing the B.C.S. boys to our annual "Formal." The girls, who had been busying themselves with last-minute primings, all looked charming in their variously-styled and coloured dresses. The inevitable moment finally arrived when each girl had to descend the front stairs and be introduced to the partner who was to escort her to the gym.

On entering the gym we were transported from reality to an under-water fantasy land of sunken treasure chests, multi-coloured fish, snails and other fascinating creatures. This effect was achieved by the excellent decorations of the VI A's, whom I should like to congratulate on their work.

From the first strains of the opening dance to the last note of "God Save the Queen" everyone had a marvellous time. The various illumination and spot dances made the evening very entertaining, not to mention the highly popular "Sadie Hawkins." The orchestra provided us with a pleasant selection of music, including Latin American favourites, waltzes, and of course, "The Mexican Hat Dance." I'm sure everyone will agree with me when I say that the "Formal" of 1960 was a "titanic" success.

JOAN CORRY, Matric.

THE ART REPORT

Chez Artiste has again been the centre of artistic activity and enthusiasm. Many good paintings have been turned out, with water colour still leading as the favourite medium. There has also been an increased interest in the use of charcoal.

Special Art classes have been as large and as keen as ever, and the choosing of the "Picture of the Week" has been a continued success. In the course of the VI A class, particularly, something new has been added. This is batik, an art technique which is believed to have originated in Java, and is now enjoying a revival in our modern art world. The girls found this fascinating and have waxed and dyed some lovely and striking wall panels.

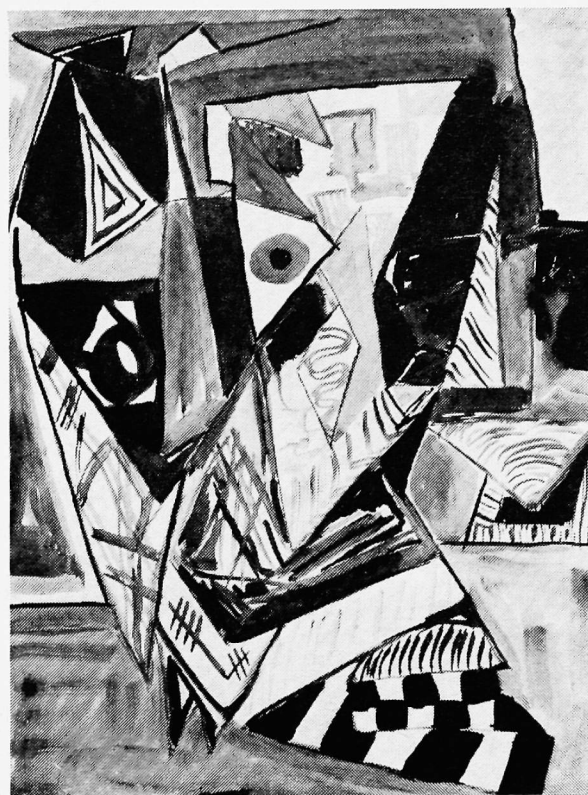
Decorations for special occasions—Hallowe'en and Christmas—and scenery for plays have been designed and painted effectively and well. The theme for the Formal, carried out by the VI A's, was "Neptune's Hideaway." The under-water effect was well handled. The scene was a riot of gaily-painted fish on a cool sea-blue-green background, not to mention several remote mermaids, and a colossal skin-diver, which practically covered one side wall.

We should like to thank Miss Dexter for her continued interest in, and enthusiasm for our efforts, and also for her constructive suggestions and criticisms.

Good luck to the girls who are taking art as a Matric. subject!



The Prisoner—Nancy Nichol, VI A



Abstraction—Sherrill Norcross, Matric.



On the Beach—Sue Brainerd, VI B



The Execution—Harriet Dupont, VI B

THE LIBRARY REPORT

At the beginning of the autumn term we were delighted to welcome so many new members to the Library committee.

Until Christmas, the Head of the Library committee was Janet Simms, but after Christmas—as usual—the Matrics retired, and their places were taken by VI A's. The Heads of the committee until Christmas of 1960 are Judy Westwater and Betty Taylor.

This year we have tried to stimulate added interest in the Library by encouraging **every** girl in the school to read at least one good book a term. (Of course many girls read a large number of books a term.) To help this project we have had book reports read in the various Forms and a few read after Prayers on Saturday mornings. We also open the Library every night, instead of just four times a week as formerly.

Betty and I should like to thank the girls on the committee very much for working so faithfully at the various tasks involved in belonging to it—tasks such as checking shelves, mending books, and above all, being "On Duty" after evening Prep.

JUDY WESTWATER.

P.S. You will be interested to hear that twenty or thirty new books are being added to the Library next year, in addition to some which have been bought or presented this year. J.W.

THE RED CROSS REPORT

This year the interest in Red Cross has, if anything, increased. I feel that our members now have a real understanding of what Red Cross means. I myself gained a deeper appreciation of it when I attended the High School J.R.C. conference in Montreal. At this conference there were about forty students representing High Schools in Quebec Province. Each delegate was asked to explain how J.R.C. is run in his or her school. When I returned from Montreal I gave a report to the school, in which I tried to explain our responsibilities as Red Cross members, and the need of the Red Cross for voluntary service. During the Christmas and Easter holidays about twenty King's Hall girls did voluntary work at the Blood Donors' Clinic in Montreal.

We decided on several money-making projects. The first was to take up a small collection at the Matric. Entertainment. This amounted to \$17.00. On the Thanksgiving weekend a doll, a stuffed poodle, and a cake were raffled. Thanks to the generosity of the parents we raised \$85.00. Later on in the autumn term toffy apples were sold and

another \$50.00 joined our Red Cross bank. Early in the winter term Mrs. Sturgeon, Pinkle's mother, kindly sent four dolls, beautifully dressed. Two were raffled, adding \$44.00 to our funds and two were put in the box of donations from the school. Towards the end of the term the Household Science Specialists held a hot-dog sale, making \$57.00. We also received \$25.00 as prize money, and \$8.00 from the V B's. They had charged a small admission fee to all their Red Cross meetings throughout the year.

In December we were able to donate a wheel chair to the School for Crippled Children, and later to contribute to the Overseas Milk Fund and to the Dime Collection programme. Before Christmas each girl in the school embroidered a Christmas stocking. One hundred and fifty of these stockings were sent to the J.R.C. building, where they were filled and sent to various hospitals.

Our Red Cross work was not all of a purely utilitarian nature. We joined the International Art Programme, sending twenty pictures painted by King's Hall girls in to Miss Howe, and receiving in return an exhibition of pictures painted by Junior Red Cross members from many parts of the world, including Russia and Japan.

Our annual Red Cross evening was held on Sunday, April 10. Following tradition, Staff and girls gathered in the lounge, where representatives of the Forms came up—Form by Form—and presented Miss Gillard with the various articles the girls had made for the Red Cross in the course of the year. Miss Gillard held up each article, with appropriate comments and words of appreciation. Later everything was put on display so that everyone might examine the beautiful things that had been donated. These things ranged from dolls' mittens to large sweaters, and from baby nightgowns to skirts and dresses. There was also an impressive assortment of stuffed animals and of scrap-books made by the Juniors. The girls of 1960 had certainly maintained the high standard set in former years. Everything was well-finished, clean, and ready to be packed and sent away.

Before closing I should like to thank the girls on the Red Cross Committee: Marian Thomson, VI B; Ann MacDonald, V A; and Betty Jane Punnett, Junior. I should also like to express my appreciation to the other Household Science girls, who gave up so much time to helping me. To Linda Fraser, the Assistant Head, I give my deepest thanks. Without her valuable assistance I should have been completely lost. Our greatest thanks go, of course, to Mademoiselle Dostie.

Financial Statement

Money Raised:

Funds on hand, Sept.....	\$32.00
Raffle at Thanksgiving.....	85.00
Toffy Apple Sale.....	50.00
Matric. Entertainment.....	17.00
Raffle of Gifts.....	44.00
Hot Dog Sale.....	51.00
Donation of Prize Money.....	25.00
V B Contribution.....	8.00

Total.....\$312.00

Expenditures and Disbursements:

Doll.....	\$10.00
Ingredients.....	19.00
Apples.....	10.00
Enrolment	16.00
Dime Collection.....	15.00
Wheel Chair.....	90.00
Milk Fund.....	20.00

Total.....\$180.00

Funds in hand April, 1960—\$132.00

Respectfully submitted,

ROSALIND PUNNETT, Matric. H.Sc.

THE HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

As always, many things have been accomplished in the Household Science Department, and for this we have to thank Mlle. Dostie. Every girl in the school, from the beginning of the IV B year to the end of the VI B year, has one double period of Household Science every week. In addition to lessons in plain cooking and sewing, each girl may specialize in knitting, smocking, or embroidery. Most of this extra work is done outside of regular class hours.

Ten girls are specializing in Household Science. These spend a great deal of time in the lab., where you may find them baking cakes, cooking steaks, or designing and modelling dresses.

A sketch was sent in to Morgan's "Sketch It and Wear It," contest. The four Matric. Household Science girls went to Montreal to attend the judging of this contest. Though they were not among the winners they felt that they had learned a great deal by entering the contest and listening to the judging.

On behalf of all the Household Science students, I should like to thank Mademoiselle Dostie for the many, many things she has done for us, and all the extra "spare" time she has spent on us. We are sorry to learn that she is leaving us, but we wish her the best of good fortune in her new position at the Marymount Convent in Quebec City.

ROSALIND PUNNETT, Matric.

There once was a bright girl called Clair
Who thought she would read in her "Spare";
But she did not laugh
When around came a Staff
Seized the book from her limp hand right there.

JANET BURGOYNE.

There once was a young Comptonite
Who set out to visit one night,
But right in her path
Stood a vigilant Staff
Her visit was fast turned to flight.

HARRIET DUPONT.



OH! DEAR, I'VE GOT
TO GO PREP.



MAY I GET A GLASS OF WATER PLEASE?



SPORTS REPORT

The best "sport" is not always the athlete and this year both of us have found that whether athletic or not, all of you have been true sports. House games and inter-Form games along with inter-school competitions were all entered into this year to a greater extent than previously, and although you did not all compete in every event, the support from the school as a whole was outstanding.

In the Christmas term all those who were in the least interested in soccer showed great enthusiasm. There were House and Form games from which Miss Keyzer chose the best players to form a school team. Hard practice made it possible for us to win one game and tie another.

There was also volleyball, in which all three Houses were competitors. Much House spirit was shown in these games, everyone putting all she had into them. The swimming meet, on account of united effort, was a great success this year. The best girls in each House were chosen to compete. It was especially tense at the end of the meet, when the last relay would break the three-fold tie.

In the Winter term, the skating and skiing were greatly encouraged by our being able to see the Olympics. We were especially fortunate in having

been able to use the hill on "Windy" for skiing. Some of the girls cut slalom courses and trails such as "Hell's Highway" and "Mickey's Mountain." Perhaps next year if you work hard enough you will be able to form a ski team. For the first time in several years the basketball team was organized, and although it lost both games, it put up a hard fight to the end. We have no doubt excellent material will make a better team next year.

The badminton tournament was not as successful this year, as there seemed to be much stalling; however, when the finals were reached much zeal was shown by all Houses. For the Summer term, soccer, outdoor volleyball, swimming, baseball and tennis are all pleasant prospects.

All in all this year has been a great success, thanks to Miss Keyzer and Miss Fogo. We feel much has been accomplished. Both of us thoroughly enjoyed working with you all. We feel you have made good use of what talents you have, and that is what counts. We hope you'll keep up the terrific enthusiasm and be just as co-operative with your Captains next year as you have been with us. Good luck to you all.

Love,

CYNNIE AND ANN.

THE SOCCER REPORT

Soccer-wise the Compton girls' co-ordination must have improved this year as so much skill (?) and enthusiasm were shown that eighteen girls were really "team" material and it was difficult to narrow the players down to a definite team eleven.

Two matches were played, both against the Bishop's University Women's Team, (the Vestal Virgins). The first game, at King's Hall, was very exciting and close. We received moral support from the school and constant cheers from the unflagging cheer-leaders Judy Archer, Linda Fraser, Kathy Kingston, Martha Meagher, Jill Oughtred, Becky Romano, and Esme Vaughan.

The return match at Bishop's was played on a very muddy day, with the result that the game was slowed up considerably. Though both teams exhibited a lot of fight the game ended in a scoreless tie and with all players completely covered with mud. This game earned us a new name, "The Compton Amazons."

We are sorry to report that the Soccer season was so shortened by much rain and early snow that it ended before we had had a chance to play any matches against B.C.S. We hope for better luck next year.

A special "thank you" is due to Miss Keyzer and Mr. Roberts, who coached the school team, and to Miss Fogo who coached the House teams, and whose matches she refereed. We very much appreciate the time, effort, and enthusiasm which these coaches expended upon making our soccer season such a stimulating and enjoyable one. Even though it was short, we feel that we gained much valuable practice and experience.

The School Team

Bonnie Bernier	Jane MacDougald
Peggy Butterfield	Susan McArthur
Ann Connacher	Susan McLaren
Barbara Cordeau	Margot McMurrich
Marilyn Cowie	Mary Molson
Cynthia Gordon	Dione Newman
Diana Gordon	Virginia Nichols
Susan Gordon	Jennifer Patton
Heather Grant	Gill Rowan-Legg

Charlotte Stevens

VIRGINIA NICHOLS, VI A.

BASKETBALL REPORT

Everyone showed great enthusiasm for basketball this year. Miss Fogo, together with the two Sports Captains, Ann Connacher and Cynthia Gordon, organized a team consisting of Joan Corry, Penny Ayre, Jane MacDougald, Diana Gordon, Gillian Rowan-Legg and Jill Oughtred as forwards, with Ann Connacher, Cynthia Gordon, Jennifer Patton, Valerie Morris, Peggy Butterfield and Virginia Nichols as guards. Unfortunately, Heather Grant, one of our forwards, injured her knee and could not participate in either of the matches.

The two matches we played during the winter term were very exciting. Both were against Bishop's University Women's Team. The first was played at Bishop's on March 11, and the second at King's Hall on March 18. Both games were won by our opponents, but it was a gallant defeat.

On behalf of the school I should like to thank Miss Fogo and the two Sports' Captains for their interest and help in coaching the team this term.

NANCY NICHOL, VI A.

BADMINTON REPORT

Our gym hasn't enjoyed a peaceful moment this term because of the frantically enthusiastic badminton players. The badminton was organized into Senior and Junior House Tournaments, the Junior group consisting of Forms V A down. The results of these tournaments were as follows:

MACDONALD

SINGLES:

Senior:—Diana Gordon

Junior:—Dilin McLernon

DOUBLES:

Senior:—Peggy Butterfield — D. Gordon

Junior:—Susan Archibald — D. MacLernon

MONTCALM

SINGLES:

Senior:—Mary Molson

Junior:—Janet Burgoyne

DOUBLES:

Senior:—Cheryl Lumière — Marcia Pacaud

Junior:—J. Burgoyne — Elizabeth Stikeman

RIDEAU

SINGLES:

Senior:—Virginia Nichols

Junior:—Julienne Clarke

DOUBLES:

Senior:—V. Nichols — Gillian Rowan-Legg

Junior:—Diana Bignell — Nicola Druce

The School championships were won by the following:

SENIOR SINGLES:—Diana Gordon

JUNIOR SINGLES:—Janet Burgoyne

SENIOR DOUBLES:—D. Gordon — G. Rowan-Legg

JUNIOR DOUBLES:—J. Burgoyne — Elizabeth Stikeman

There was much excitement after the tournaments about the points which would be added to the totals of the three Houses.

On behalf of the school I should like to thank the Sports Captains, Ann Connacher and Cynthia Gordon, for encouraging and prodding and also for refereeing most of the games.

CAROL SONNE, VI A.

L
i
t
e
r
a
r
y



WELCOME

The day dawned. High on the hill a woman stood at the window looking out, unconscious of the first ray of light appearing through the somber clouds. The glass in her hand shattered. The woman started, then began to weep, her whole body wracked as she gave away to pent-up sorrow—to grief that had been shut in for many years.

"Oh God, Oh God! Why have you done this to me? What have I done? How can I go on?"

The words, barely distinguishable, poured out incoherently. Still the woman wept until new comfort and relief flowed over her with the dawning day.

The room was large and bare save for some tapestries on the wall, a table and a chair. A spider worked busily in the corner and a large rat-hole gaped below the skirting-board. Plaster had fallen from the walls and ceiling. The room had once been full of richness and splendour, but all this was gone and the air hung heavy and dejected over it.

Now all was still. Even the woman had stopped weeping. She turned from the window and with a sigh walked down the long hall to the kitchen. Soon the kettle was boiling and singing cheerfully on the stove. The steam rose in a thick mist; water condensed on the wall beside the stove. The woman bent over and added more wood to the fire, straightened and began to warm her chilly hands. The fingers were long and tapered; now veins showed through the paper-thin skin. She massaged them slowly, tracing her fore-finger along the blue ridges. The woman made tea, heated some left-overs and sat down to eat. Slowly she felt her eyes fill with tears and soon she was weeping again.

She spoke to herself, sternly. "Margaret West, control yourself and go down. The Wests have always gone to the village on Fridays and will continue to do so. Perhaps this week there will be a letter from Bob. Yes, a letter."

But in her heart she knew there would not be. "Eat", she commanded herself. Slowly she picked up a bun and took a small bite.

At about eleven in the morning she pulled on her shabby coat, picked up a wicker basket and left her home to go to the market. As she descended the hill she thought of what she would buy—meat, vegetables, bread, tea and milk. She could get all of these cheaper at the market.

"Oh," she thought, "I do hope I don't see any one there I know. Just one week! Nobody."

The path twisted and turned until it finally met the street. Hurrying now, Margaret walked

along the back street of the small country village, which led to the vegetable stand at the market.

"Why Margaret West! Hello!" a voice called merrily from behind.

There was no escaping it. Margaret turned slowly, stiffened, pulled back her shoulders and with a haughty toss of her head answered, "Hello, Mary!"

"I haven't seen you for ages, Marg., not even in church. Have you been ill?"

Margaret's heart beat fast, but she was cold, cold as ice when she next spoke.

"Yes sick! The doctor didn't want me to move. As a matter of fact he wanted me to go to the hospital, but of course Hilda is very capable. Such a good nurse. Been in the family since Daddy was a boy. She came to us at the age of nineteen and has been at the manor ever since."

Mary smiled. "Oh, the poor dear! She thinks nobody knows. Look how she rambles on."

Mary spoke out loud. "Why don't you come home with me for dinner, and this evening we can have a good talk as we used to have."

"Oh no! I couldn't possibly! You see friends are coming in from town and I must run straight home to be there to meet them."

"Well then, perhaps some other time. Goodbye now."

Margaret turned swiftly and continued along her way.

"Oh why! Mary! And how she pitied me. Why did I lie?" Her eyes brimmed with tears, but she brushed them away.

At the vegetable stand Max, the grocer, greeted her with enthusiasm. He tactfully showed her a bunch of rather bruised carrots and smiled.

"A real bargain, only ten cents."

Margaret sniffed, feigned indifference, but handed him the money in exchange for the vegetables. At the meat counter, Margaret bought a small, cheap cut of meat as quickly as possible so that the young man serving her would not notice her red face. At last! Her agony was over and she had only one more stop.

At the post office poor Margaret again was disappointed.

"Sorry, Ma'am. No mail today."

"That's all right. The poor dear is so busy, you know. He never has time to write."

When, when would she see her beloved son again?

Then later, slowly climbing the hill, she stopped to catch her breath. She looked at the Manor high above her, standing proud. Never would she give

it up, no matter what the cost. That house meant more to Margaret West than anything in the world, besides her name. It might be ramshackled and badly in need of repair, but she was naive enough to hope, even now, that she would some day be able to revive her house, make it laugh, dance and sing as it once had done. In the meantime try to forget the looks of the villagers. The Wests had always been able to withstand anything.

The sun was setting behind her and an orange glow was reflected on the large Manor giving it a ghostly, unreal appearance. She picked up her basket and began the long climb. When she reached the ridge she thought, "Good! nearly home."

Suddenly she saw something! What was it? Margaret dropped her basket. Half laughing, half crying, she ran the last few yards. Stumbling now she fell right into the man's arms.

"Oh Bob, I knew you'd come home! I just knew! My son! My son! Home!"

CHARLOTTE STEVENS, Matric.

THE FLY CATCHER

The most fascinating creature I have ever seen is my setter in the act of catching flies. To perform this delicate and precise art she first assumes a sprawling position in some sunny location and feigns deep slumber. Her body is entirely relaxed; her curved head rests loosely between her forepaws; her ragged ears tumble carelessly over her forehead, almost covering her closed eyes. She remains in this manner until some fly, overcome by curiosity, buzzes noisily around her head and lands on the floor in front of her. Her eyes open a little, displaying a glinting slit, and follow the sprightly movements of the fly, which soon alights on her paw.

Her whole body now stiffens and her russet-coloured fur bristles, standing on end as the fly progresses up her leg in irregular movements. Ears cock, and her sensitive mouth twitches slightly with excitement. Then her head slowly rises while her glittering eyes remain transfixed on the fly. Every muscle in her body is taut and under rigid control. Once her head is directly over the fly she steadily lowers it; her eyes, burning with concentration, strain and become more protruding. As her head nears the fly her body begins to tremble, and her mouth becomes watery and loose. Her muscles look as though they would suddenly snap. Her body starts, and with a terrific lunge she plunges forward, capturing the fly instantly with quick jaw movements. Then, exhausted, she nestles her head once more between her paws, and with a satisfied grunt awaits the next victim.

MARY MOLSON, VI A.

LITTLE TRAINS

Walking along Boylston Street in Boston with a friend on a hot summer afternoon, I stopped in front of the window of a large, expensive, and very beautiful toy shop. Having nothing in particular to do, and the day being very hot, we decided to step inside and enjoy the cool relief of the air-conditioning while looking at the toys. On the right wall was a complete electric-train layout. The countryside consisted of large green mountains made of screening set on small vertical sticks and covered over with plaster-of-paris, painted green. In the valley formed by these "mountains" nestled a small town. The train, which one could work by many complicated gadgets—a salesman was standing at a discreet distance just to make sure one didn't try—would run through numerous tunnels in the mountains, over several bridges spanning **tremendous** gorges, and around the outside of the mountains. It could stop at station platforms to let off minute passengers coming home from work presumably in some remote town. They would walk along cardboard sidewalks to their heavy-duty cardboard houses. Of course these houses weren't just ordinary cardboard houses, but had balsa-wood chimneys with red-brick sticky paper on them, and cellophane-glass windows with shutters and curtains on the inside. They even had verandas with pillars, to say nothing of flagstone paths. We gazed at this spectacular toy—if it could be called that—for about five minutes, but didn't glance at the price of even the caboose; we knew that would put us off.

We then moved on to displays of remote-controlled sailboats, building cranes, and even robots in racing cars. The shop had shelves of games and fun-books and how-to-draw-and-paint kits. There was indoor and outdoor sports equipment, such as portable bowling alleys and shuffle-board courts—a long piece of linoleum with lines painted on it.

Ann, my friend, admired all these things greatly and even took me back to have another look at the trains, but—though I suppose I could have afforded these extraordinary toys—I could not forget their enormous price. It was not that the store was charging a great deal too much for any of them, because I'm sure the work and the raw materials that went into them were well worth the money, but it seemed such a **waste** of money, when children could get just as much pleasure out of simple things.

"Do you remember," I said quite suddenly to Ann, "your little brother Jonathan whom we used to put in his play-pen in the midst of thousands of

mechanical toys, fluffy animals, balloons and heavens knows what, including a few saucepans, an aluminum coffee-pot, and some jars and measuring spoons? Wasn't it funny that every time he would push his way through the toys and make for the kitchen utensils? He'd bang them together and practise his co-ordination with a gleeful giggle every time he managed to get the top off a pot and put it back on again."

Seeing that I was making an impression on Ann I continued. "Look at that set-up of trains," I said, pointing to the right-hand wall. "It is marvellous, yes, but what can a child do with it? Set it up and look at it? It is more fun for the father than for any ten-year-old boy. Look! They even have a salesman standing beside it so no one will touch it. Some toy! That's the trouble with too many children whose parents have millions of dollars to lavish—lovingly enough—on them. The children never have to think for themselves, use their own initiative to keep themselves busy.

The first second a child complains of having nothing to do, Mother rushes to her purse to produce—what seems to be the number one thing in life—money, so the little dear can run down to the drugstore to buy an ice cream cone to keep it happy until Father—poor man—gets home from a hard day's work and dashes to town to pick up the latest toy which the Jones twins next door have just got!

"Hasn't it occurred to anyone that children can't play with anything that is set before them ready-made? They need to make it themselves. Sure—maybe they don't know how to—but that's exactly what this world is coming to; people don't know how to make things any more—only to push buttons. They leave the making to a few professional experts. A child can be taught how to make things. Take it to an antique shop or a craft shop and teach it to use its eyes and make up new ideas as to how it, too, can create.

"Perhaps it isn't good with its hands. Teach it to get pleasure from reading books and learning about the world and its peoples; teach it to know more than it does; encourage it to create in its own field of interest—in poetry or art or music—whatever it may be. There is a great deal more pleasure in doing something yourself than in admiring what another person has done—in playing with a self-made article than with any store-bought toy.

"Of course I'm not saying that children should never be given presents; that would be ridiculous; but presents shouldn't be lavished on them at all

times of the year. They should also be encouraged to save up for something they especially want; then they will get something that can give them real satisfaction, not something thought-up on the spur of a silly moment.

"Do you remember when you were about six, the pleasure you used to get out of a few ordinary postage-stamps which your twenty-one-year-old brother would give you? You would watch him at his desk with his reading-lamp turned on, as he bent over, sorting stamps with stamp tongs; then you would ask him very timidly indeed, if he would give you a few, and you'd take them oh, so carefully, back to your own desk and lamp. You would use your Mum's tweezers to separate all the red ones from the blue ones—not of course having the faintest idea from which country they came, but just having fun because you were doing what your big brother was doing, and because the pictures on the stamps were so pretty. I don't know whether you thought they were valuable, as of course they weren't, but you took the greatest care of them.

"Here is another example of the fun children get out of simple, inexpensive things. Can you remember the stage when we used to save all those silver-foil pie plates, the glasses that came in detergent boxes, and old bottles and jars? Every free sample of shampoo, toothpaste, hand lotion and even shoe-polish used to go into those horrible concoctions in the garage. You were especially fond of those; I don't know whether it was the chemist in you, but I never smelt such horrible smells in all my life. Thank goodness you confined the brewing of those pale green and bistre mixtures to the work bench in the garage."

By this time we had made our way over to a seat on one side of the room, and Ann was nodding slowly.

"Yes," she said, "I agree with you. Children get more pleasure and more good out of things they have made themselves or things they have saved up for themselves, than out of any expensive toy, no matter how elaborate."

As Ann was concluding, we left the glittering toy shop with no regrets, and with no plans to return in the future with more money—almost—than we possessed.

GAY BELL, VI A.

Editor's Note: Those familiar with Lamb's "Old China" will recognize the fact and the degree of indebtedness.

BE NATURAL

Have you ever noticed or wondered at how snobbish an outstanding athlete can be? Sally Murphy had often pondered over this question and at last, in her eighteenth year, she was to find out exactly what one of these heroes was like.

The hospital where Sally was training had been asked to arrange "dates" for a few players from a visiting hockey team. Much to her amazement she was to go out with Tom Clair, the Top Rookie of that hockey season. Sally had not been around boys much as she had been in boarding school from her thirteenth year until matriculation. Even in her holidays she had not been terribly interested. Books had come first until school was finished. However, this did not mean that Sally did not know how to act around boys; at boarding school you learn the "do's" and "don't's." She had formed her own opinion and knew just what she wanted in a boy and nobody was going to push her about.

For this "blind date" the girls were going to make the arrangements. The nurses decided that it would be nice to go to the hockey game, and get acquainted later in a restaurant. It was seldom that they had a chance to get good seats in the Forum and why miss this chance?

At last the night came. Sally and her friends were ready when the players called for them. Hurried introductions were made and they rushed to the Forum by taxi. As a result of the rush, Sally reached her seat without forming any opinion of Tom's character.

Throughout the game Sally became more and more nervous, wondering just what Tom would be like. At last the game ended with a score of 5-4 in favour of the visiting team. The girls, full of excitement, inched their way to the players' box where they were to meet their "dates."

As the players neared the box Sally shuddered. Tom was striding along as though he owned the world and seemed to be doing a lot of bragging. Maybe he **had** scored the winning goal, but Sally saw no reason for him to boast continually. Sally had judged right when she thought Tom was conceited, for she received a blow by blow description of how he had scored that goal—as though she hadn't seen the game! When he didn't get any comments good or bad from Sally about the goal, he tried telling her how popular he was.

"Do you know that in the last two days I've had over a dozen letters from girls asking me for my picture?"

Then he sang, "Oh It's Wonderful to be Popular." Sally was so burning with rage over this man's conceited air that when he began worming his way closer to her she let go.

"Although you seem to think you're the idol of everything that walks, I tell you I think differently. You are all that I hoped you wouldn't be—conceited, fresh, and boring. Furthermore, if you expect me to spend the rest of the evening with you praising yourself, you're crazy."

This must have been the first time any girl had failed to melt before his eyes, for the expression on his face was one of utter shock.

"Ju - - ju - - just who do you think y - - y - -you are, my fair lady?"

In a few minutes, after Tom had simmered down, he said snarkily, "If you'll condescend to accompany me to the Chick-n-Coop I'll try my utmost to fulfil your requirements."

When Sally had flared up she had hoped that Tom's attitude would change. Then, as he finally decided to go to the restaurant with her, she felt satisfied and planned to make the best of the evening. By this time Sally's friends had left her behind, and she could hear their happy chattering. This gave an opening for conversation, and Sally took it.

"See, your fellow players are enjoying themselves and don't seem to be showing how great they are. Can't you be natural too?"

She kept her fingers crossed that Tom wouldn't flare up again, as she realized she was treading on slippery ground.

Horried, he answered, "Just what do you think I've been doing? I'm not a professional actor, you know."

As Sally's head tilted to one side with her face expressing the fact that she was reading his mind, Tom stammered, "Al - - all right; I know, bu - -bu - - but—" Before admitting anything, he added, "They seem to be happy enough. I'll try being myself."

From that moment on, when Tom realized that someone had broken through his outer shell, conversation continued freely, and the two of them enjoyed the few hours spent together. Sally went back to the hospital feeling she had done her good deed for the day, and hoping that Tom would continue to be himself. She fell asleep with the thought that if only a few more people would say the sincere and essential words in many other situations, life would be more natural.

MARILYN COWIE, Matric.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

It was nearly five o'clock and the evening sun was streaming through the stained-glass windows of the little church. The western sky was aflame in a deep rose colour, gently fading to pink and then to blue. The tall green pines outside were swaying gently in the wintry breeze. A fresh blanket of sparkling crystals lay upon the fields and trees, and snow had swirled in drifts across the country road.

Old Mr. Lawson climbed the stone steps to the arched doorway of the church. It was very peaceful in the vestibule and he felt the warmth of Christmas happiness creeping into his heart. The altar was dressed in a soft spray of colours reflected from the sun on the stained glass windows, and the tall white candles with their glowing flames shone down upon the beloved golden cross. The church was very still as he knelt to pray in his usual pew. The warm silence gave him a feeling of confidence that Christ was very near, and soon he fell into deep prayer. When once again he stood in the long narrow aisle surrounded by streams of dying sunlight, he thought of how, just a few hours before, the empty pews and choir stalls had been filled with thankful people singing their praises to God.

As he pushed open the heavy doors of the vestibule, a rush of brisk winter air filled his lungs and a snowy wonderland in a shower of pink lay before him. But even though the sunset's beauty filled his body with a new excitement, there was still a little disappointment in his heart as he realized that a treasured Christmas day was over once more.

CATHERINE STEWART, VI B.

HAUNTED

The night was dark, but the dim light of a hazy moon guided the car down the winding road. We drove slowly, not knowing where we were going. At one point the road took a sudden turn to the left and there in the darkness stood two tall thin women with long white robes. Each was holding a black labrador on a leather leash. The two dogs strained on their leashes and barked loudly as our car passed them. The women's faces, temporarily lit up by our headlights, were taut and evil-looking. Their long black hair was hanging straight down, almost to their waists. We kept on, slowly following the twisting road, with the din of the dogs fading away behind us. More often than not the tall trees would hide the moonlight and would seem to jump out at us as they came in the scope of the headlights.

Suddenly, in front of us in a large clearing, loomed what we had spent the last two hours searching for—the haunted house. The burned remains of a once beautiful nunnery towered out of a wooded grove. Only the jagged walls of the first storey remained standing and these were scarred and black from the fire which had many years ago destroyed this house.

To my horror I could see, as we approached the old ruin, the figure of a human being hanging from one of the charred door-posts. This hanging creature wore farmer's clothes and I found myself struggling to believe that the figure was anything but real. Mute with fright, I sat horrified. A second later a loud wail sounded from the grove. To escape for a moment from the gruesome sight of the hanging figure, I looked behind me, and just caught a glimpse of the two women, both dressed in white. Each was leading a huge black labrador retriever. Both the dogs had thick, shiny coats. Although it was only a minute since I had seen the house, I had recovered enough from my shock to warn the driver that someone was approaching. He tried to back the car around the circular driveway by which we had come up to the house, but one of the women stepped up to the car. The other quickly ran around and stood in front of it. We immediately locked the doors and closed the windows. The woman who had placed herself in front walked slowly around to the side window. Her huge dog jumped onto the car and snarled loudly. The woman ordered us to roll down a window, and when we would not she tried to break it with her fist. Finally, after futile attempts, she bellowed to us that we had better leave this place now and never return again. The driver put his foot on the accelerator and we literally "took off," intending never to return again.

The funny thing about the story, though, is that while the boys, our escorts for the evening, admitted later that they had rigged the body and the wailing noise they knew nothing about the frightening experience with the two women in white. Perhaps a fitting ending to this story would be "He laughs best who laughs last."

MARGOT McMURRICH, Matric.

There once was a girl who had come
To King's Hall from afar for some fun;
She was very dismayed
When she found that we played
Only after our school work was done.

JANET BURGOYNE.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

(A Speech given at one of the
Public Speaking evenings at King's Hall.)

What is the value of education? Can we live successfully without it? At the present day education has become synonymous with successful business and social personalities. It is the people who are educated who reach the top. But why? All of us go to school for eleven or twelve years, and after we have completed those years studying a variety of subjects we feel well enough educated to take our places in the world, and we think we have as much chance as the next man of becoming successful, don't we? But are we educated? Our heads are full of facts pertaining to geometry, chemistry, physics, Latin, and other "subjects" which many of us will never have occasion to "use." Is that an education? After all, "educere" in Latin means "to lead out," not to stuff in!

How often the question is asked, "Why do I have to learn this? I'll never have any use for it!"

But there is a purpose behind learning seemingly useless facts—not merely to have us know that if two straight lines intersect, the vertically opposite angles are equal, or that NaCl. is just ordinary table salt, but because these subjects stimulate our brains and make us think; that is what is important; **that** is the purpose of education—to lead out the thoughts and ideas already dormant in the mind, and to awaken an intellectual curiosity about the things in the world around us.

Education broadens one's mind, not only through the reading and studying which comprise it, but also through the atmosphere of the school or college where one does the studying. Here one meets all types of people, hears new points of view, and sifting all that one sees or hears, one forms conclusions which awaken an interest in some fact or racial problem or belief. With this interest comes, eventually, understanding. Isn't it true that the uneducated are the ones with the strongest and most numerous prejudices? Education opens the doors to a greater understanding of one's fellow-men. As the doors of understanding are opened, so too are the moral senses awakened. Looking around at the ignorant and often corrupt masses, the truly educated man is—or should be—aware of the need for a better world. He realizes too, that some of the responsibility for bettering it is his.

Though it is true that a good education often equals a better job, yet education is not, and must never be considered to be, a tool for obtaining a higher salary. Those who seek an education with only that goal in view will soon find that they have acquired something that can never be valued in money.

You may say, "I know people who are certainly not well educated and who yet hold jobs that pay fantastically well."

That is so. Many uneducated men receive fabulous pay for mechanical jobs, but do you know any lower paid intellectual man who would change places with one of them? A mechanical job, no matter how highly paid, would not satisfy him. Naturally his work must provide him with food and shelter, but it must also provide him with food and stimulation for the mind. Take for example the professional man—the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, or the teacher. He is always working with people—new people, different people with new and different problems. He is always trying to do something constructive and creative towards making the world a better place. His work tests and satisfies the best member that he has—his mind; it necessitates continual growth of mental powers and of soul. Education is that which enables a man to do work which in the last analysis is its own reward.

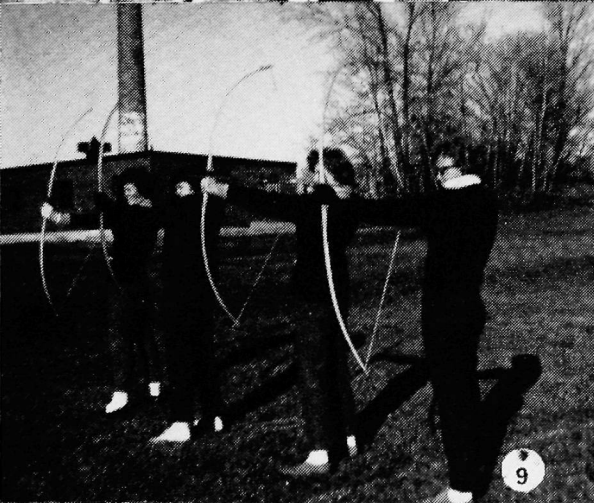
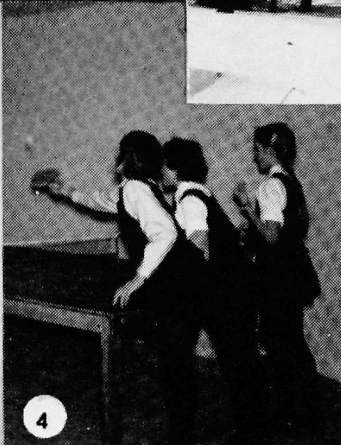
To sum up, then, education gives man the ability to think, to form and express his ideas, and to live more fully and abundantly.

JUDY HOUSE, Matric.



PICTURE CREDITS

1. Spring.....ANN SMITH
2. The Church.....HOPE HASLAM
3. The Pond.....ELAINE OLIVER
4. Ping Pong.....JANET BURGOYNE
5. Saturday Prayers.....GINA NICHOLS
6. The Art Room.....JANET BURGOYNE
7. The Pyramid.....JANET BURGOYNE
8. Prep Hall.....JANET BURGOYNE
9. Archery.....HEATHER GRANT
10. "And so to bed".....JANET BURGOYNE
11. Before the Movie.....NANCY MACDONALD
12. Au Village.....KATHIE MACCULLOCH
13. Topsy Turvy.....GILL MACLAREN
14. Snow Sculpture.....GINA NICHOLS



SHIPS IN THE MIST

"They all came in real slow, but that first one was the weirdest. There wasn't no fog that night, but she looked misty—and that moon shining down behind her mast—it was real spooky-like. She was one of them fancy boats that carries rich folk to New York and out to California. She comes in just opposite the old cove—'bout from here to the Reverend's and back, that much off the shore. Then she jus' ups and sinks, real easy-like, with jus' a little splash, like she was only a fish jumpin'.

"There weren't no bangs or folks yellin' or anything. She jus' comes in real quiet, like she's only a ghost, and goes down like she'd been wantin' to do it, and out there where there's not enough water to get your feet wet.

"Now it was unusual that I was down to the beach alone; most times there's lots of us. We've always been a fishin' folk. My grand-dad had the best darn boat in the bunch, and Dad always caught the most fish. Me? Well, I got the best boat and the best record of fish in the whole county, and there's lots of folk that fish out on the Chesapeake.

"So it was real unusual that I was alone, but I was, and I saw her. My memory slips sometimes,—jus' sometimes though—like forgettin' I weren't no war hero, and forgettin' I ain't never been across that sea out there. But I'll never forget that ship comin' in an' disappearin' out there where it's not a foot down.

"Next mornin' there's no sign of her, like it didn't happen at all. Folks was tellin' me I was crazy and seein' things. The real weird thing about it is that when Charlie comes in with the mail, there's news that a big ship jus' like her, had sunk out of New York.

"I wasn't the only one that saw her, neither. Charlie saw her, and the Reverend saw her, and Sadie and Bill, when they was down to the beach one night—in she comes, real easy-like. And next day Charlie comes in with the news that another one's gone down.

"The word got round and you should have seen the folks come flockin' in, but when you watch for her she don't come in. Jus' when you're not expectin' her, in she comes, real soft and misty, and down she goes.

"The tourists come here real regular now, 'cause they like the beach and 'cause the fishin's good. Every year 'round June they start askin' me. No one's seen a ship now for nigh on ten year.

"Funny thing is—I'm the only one what remembers them ships—an' I'm ninety. Guess the other folks is getting' old and forgetful!"

SUSAN GORDON, Matric.



A MAGIC NIGHT

It was one of those nights that are almost unearthly. I felt as though I were on another planet where peace had reigned always, where there were no wars or strife, only peace and happiness. I felt that God had created this night especially for me. The sky was spread above us like a sombre carpet lit up by all the twinkling lights of millions of heavenly bodies. Lake Abitlan was lying calm like a dark mirror, as though its waters had never been shaken by a storm. Around the lake the mountains rose majestically as though guarding the lake from any disturbing forces. Across from us, above the western shore, the volcanoes, San Pedro, Abitlan, and San Incas rose proudly, their dark cone shapes silhouetted against the starlit sky. On the folds of the mountains a few odd flickering lights could be discerned, probably the fires in the huts of the Indians who lived on the slopes. Everything was sublimely quiet and peaceful except for the gentle lap of the miniature waves on the shore and the occasional breeze rustling the leaves and continuing out onto the lake to form little ripples, which spread out as if trying to reach the western shore. Our breathing was peaceful and regular; neither of us dared to utter a word to break the magic spell this scene had cast around us.

Slowly the sombre carpet and the stars became a vast expanse of blue. Suddenly, as if by magic, the mountains and volcanoes were bathed in a golden light and the dark water of the lake changed to a misty blue. Another day had dawned on Lake Abitlan, and we realized we should have been home hours ago, but the magic of the night had held us. Soon the lake would come alive again, as the Indians went out in their dugout canoes to fish, and we went out in our motor boats to water-ski and look for adventure.

The night and the peace will come again, though the same magic can never be repeated. It will always be different because our moods, the lake, the world and the whole universe are always changing.

ANA SMITH, Matric.

THE ALLURE OF THE THEATRE

(The speech which won the semi-final of the St. Francis District in the Public Speaking Contest sponsored by the McGill Alumnae Society).

When Shakespeare said,

"All the world's a stage

And all the men and women merely players,"

he was, as always, showing his profound understanding of human nature, for most of us are playing a part much of the time, although perhaps unconsciously.

The theatre has a tremendous appeal for everyone. There is a fascination about a stage, a fascination in its air of suspense, its coloured lights, its greasy smells, its backdrops, its scenery, and its curtains. But to stand in its wings to wait for an entrance, to me is one of the most terrifying feelings possible. A slow numbness, jelling muscles and nerves, creeps up the body. Yet once on the stage, after the first movement or speech, the actor forgets himself and begins to live his part. When the performance is over, the body is tingling with joy—the joy of relief and the joy of achievement!

The theatre, besides its general material fascinations, gives the experience of knowing vitally talented people, sometimes people who are eccentric and sometimes people who are different from those of everyday life. With great aspirations last summer I became an unpaid member of an extra chorus in a small outdoor summer theatre. There I met and worked with a variety of people whom I shall never forget.

Our director was a very tall, very thin young man with horn-rimmed glasses. You could never guess how he was going to address you, but for the most part every girl was a "darlink." In him we had the inspiration of seeing the dedicated perfectionist at work. Nothing was haphazard or left to chance; each member of the cast knew exactly where to stand and what to do. He rehearsed the chorus over and over again until every detail fitted in smoothly. Seeing this man giving of his time and talent made us realize the price one must pay for true success.

Perhaps just as dedicated to the theatre in her own way was Sheila, who might seem just a little repellent at first. In our confined green shack of a girls' dressing-room Sheila reigned supreme. She had been with the company for several summers, and thus felt it was her duty to run the girls'

dressing-room as well as the girls' chorus. On opening night a young, less sophisticated member of the group sat back from the mirror with what she must have thought was a well made-up face.

Sheila, with one quick glance said, "Where d'ya think y'r going, Honey? I wear more eye shadow during the day than you've got! Here, lemme give you a little colour!"

The astonished victim sat silent while Sheila applied the colour, calmly chattering.

Finally the younger girl said, "Sheila, aren't you just a **little** nervous?"

"Nervous! You're telling me! I'm scared the curtain won't go up and I can't get out on that stage to show those people what I've got."

Every theatre has it's Sheila. Her bold character and her kindness help to break the tension. Although her name may never be up in coloured lights, she does add colour to the cast.

However, the chance of meeting interesting people is not the only—nor is it the chief—reason for the interest felt in the stage. Taking part in a play matures and develops the young amateur actor or actress. Acting is a challenge. It is frightening to be in front of a large group of people, as we all know, but there is that intense excitement in acting that drives one on to accomplish the impossible.

Almost everyone has in him somewhere, at some time, just the faint hint of a desire to be someone else. Acting gives one a more or less harmless opportunity of expressing this "submerged" personality. For instance: a pupil in a girls' boarding-school leads a rather restricted life. On the stage, however, she can be Julius Caesar, a young swash-buckling rogue, a male lover, a member of a musical chorus, or an old woman in an Irish tragedy. Where but in the theatre could one individual live a life of achievement and victory, a life of adventure and intrigue, a life of romance and comedy, a life of song and laughter, or a life of tragedy and sorrow? The experiencing and communicating of such varied emotions is of the essence of acting.

ALIX PALK, Matric.

CHANG AND JADE'S ADVENTURE

In the heart of China was a small, quaint village, where the people had a civilization all of their own. In this village, although it was a poor and unprosperous one, they knew only love and kindness towards one another; hate and war were things yet unheard of.

Chang and Jade were brother and sister and were at the age of restlessness and wonder, so one night they secretly decided to leave their home, built on rude sticks and covered with fresh leaves, where the song of bees was a continual hum, and to explore the big city. Chang hurried down to his small boat, Jade following. As quickly as this wild dream had filled their hearts they were on their way down the river in the trance of the moonlight and soft whispering breeze which seemed to fascinate them.

After a long voyage they came to an outlet of the river. Chang and Jade were greatly awed at the sight of so many boats of all sizes and the flags that waved proudly from their masts. This sight inspired the two youngsters, and poor Chang's tired arms could not move fast enough to satisfy his excited sister. Finally they reached the shore. When Chang had helped his sister to land, a feeling of fear crept across him, which he tried to cover up by putting a brave and stern look over his face.

The two walked and looked at all the new sights until an unbearable aroma was wafted past their noses. Chang, having a few coins, went into the restaurant they were passing and bought Jade and himself some rice cookies which were instantly devoured.

Wandering about the dirty streets for several hours and watching the dizzy, flickering lights all day, they felt tired and disappointed and wanted to go home, for this was not what they had dreamed about or expected to see. They spent the night outside, slumped against a barber shop and were awakened by the clatter of horses' hooves.

Finally they were on their way again in the little faithful boat, homeward bound. This time, though, they were without the same feeling of adventure; it was shame that filled their small hearts, and the picture of their honoured father's stern face, and also the thought of the punishment that lay before them. They knew, too, that there would be a faint quiver of relief in the corner of their father's tight lip, that both his beloved children were home safe and sound, and had learnt a valuable lesson.

NICOLA DRUCE, V A.

THE MISERABLE ONE

I peeped around the crowds and strained my neck to see the Clown I loved so much. He was coming towards me now, with his feet dragging and his head hanging in the same familiar way. His trousers were loose about his waist and were suspended on two pieces of rope that criss-crossed over his bright orange-red, dotted waistcoat. His shoes, which dragged and scuffed in the dirt, were puffed out in the toes like balloons. At the end of a pair of milk-white arms hung two very limp gloved hands. His yellow, painted face contrasted clearly with a black kidney-bean-shaped mouth, whose corners were turned downwards. As usual, one or two people pointed and giggled at the thin, puny form, but the majority just didn't bother to look. The Clown's straight, unkempt black hair hung, lifeless, upon his round head. As he plodded by me I discerned under the drooping head and heavy eyelids two plaintive eyes that had lost their twinkle, and looked unheeding upon the crowd. Surely it was then that the one big round tear—as big and round as a dime—tumbled off the end of his short, fat nose. I turned my head away, for I did not wish the Clown to see the tear I also shed, just for him.

PEGGY BUTTERFIELD, VI A.



A STRANGE THING

"All out for Montreal," cried the porter.

At long last I was here. That long train trip from Florida was enough to upset anybody.

My thoughts were broken by the porter's voice again, "We'll soon be in for it now. I feel it in my blood."

"Yes, yes, of course," I stammered, "and thank you." I wondered what he was talking about.

Finally my mother and I reached our hotel room. It was about half past eleven Sunday night, so we decided it would be better if I went straight to bed.

Monday morning I wished I'd never wake up. Just as I was about to turn over for an extra sleep a strange glimmer caught my eye. I got up quickly and went to the window to see what it was. It was white and beautiful. The boughs of trees were sparkling and shining and were almost touching the ground. I wondered for a minute what it could be, but then I realized it was what the porter had been talking about—snow! My very first snow-fall!

DILIN McLERNON, V A.

THE CLERGYMAN'S SHOPLIFTER

A certain prominent woman of the small city of Juniper, Mrs. Crearar, (as a matter of fact she was the wife of J. H. Crearar, the mayor) put her shopping basket over her arm, pulled her raincoat on over her well-made but slightly untidy green tweed suit, and picked up her umbrella. She called to Pearl that she was going shopping as "Mr. What-ya-ma-call-it," one of Mr. Crearar's friends, would be here for dinner and there isn't **One Thing** in the house to eat.

Pearl, the big fat colored cook, giggled at "them funny names Mrs. Crearar always called those big handsome friends of Mr. Crearar," and said that there really was a cold roast of lamb and a chicken in the refrigerator, but that of course she knew Mrs. Crearar **did** like going shopping on rainy days, and then giggled again.

The Mayor's wife looked out of the window, and on seeing the grey drizzly day pulled her collar up around her neck and putting up her umbrella, uttered aloud, "Oh dear!" as she remembered that it is bad luck to put an umbrella up in the house, especially a black one, and left.

It took her the better part of a quarter of an hour to walk to the shopping section of town. She seemed to enjoy it regardless of the rain, because she walked along quite gaily and smiled to herself every once in a while.

She was a middle-aged woman, probably about fifty, well-dressed but not carefully so, and her raincoat was the same one she had worn sailing about ten years before. Her eyes twinkled and soft wrinkles at their corners and over her eyebrows showed she had a good sense of humour and a soft heart.

She made her way to the butchers, ordered some lamb chops and enquired whether there was any fresh haddock in that day as she had noticed that the fishman's shop was closed. Putting her parcels on the counter she fumbled for her change-purse, asked the butcher how his four children were, and noticed a tall fair man in a clerical collar. He was probably the Rev. Mr. Barker, she thought, as she picked up her parcels and proceeded towards the cake shop.

Noticing that the crowd was rather large that day and puzzling over the fact that there were no sponge cakes with chocolate icing left, she stopped to put little Johnny Lyman onto the right mother, for he seemed to have been so busy looking at everything that he had grabbed the wrong woman's hand on his way out of the store. After deciding

that she would take a large loaf of raisin bread and a dozen fruit macaroons instead of the cakes, Mrs. Crearar noticed that the Rev. Mr. Barker was also making some purchases at the cake shop. She regarded him for several seconds, observing that he was just about fifty-five years of age, quite tall and wore a pair of black-horned-rimmed glasses perched on his high-bridged nose. She then put her parcels in her shopping basket and picked her way among the wet and frustrated mob.

On reaching the fruit store she again saw the Rev. Mr. Barker and was mildly surprised, but was more so when she heard a voice beside her say. "My good woman."

She looked around to see whom he was talking to and on noticing no one in particular, shrugged her shoulders and ordered a dozen oranges. On hearing the same statement repeated and feeling a tap on her shoulder, she whirled around to face him again.

Indignantly, she said, "I'm not your good woman." She tightened her grip on her umbrella and started to leave the shop.

Thereupon he put his hand on her shoulder once more, wheeled her around to face him and said icily, "Madam, if you please, you have two of my parcels in your basket."

"Nonsense, what would I be doing with **your** parcels? Now leave me alone."

"Madam, would you **mind** if I looked in your basket?"

"I most certainly would."

"Then would you please look in it yourself?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, can't you leave a woman alone? All right!"

A slight pause ensues as she searches through the basket and then:

"Oooh! . . . are these ah . . . yours?"

"Yes, they most certainly are. Now I shan't report you this time, but I hope this has taught you to keep your hands off other people's belongings!"

The fruit clerk, on handing her her bag of oranges, remarked, "Here you are Mrs. Crearar, and how is the Mayor these days? I don't see much of him anymore, you know."

She replied, "Oh, my husband is very well, thank you, although he did sprain his ankle playing golf last week. I shall tell him you asked about him. Good day."

On saying this with a sweet smile she left the store and the flabbergasted clergyman and went out into the rain.

GAY BELL, VI A.

THE STRING AND THE EMERALD

Slowly the heavy lid of the trunk rose on its rusty hinges. Joan looked into a jumble of bright materials. Carefully, one by one, she lifted out silk dresses and their accessories, glowing with the memory of stately balls and grand parties. Under a piece of shimmering white satin her fingers detected something hard, which she found to be a small box. Anticipating a great discovery, Joan quickly untied the string around it. The cover fell to the attic floor, and there before her eyes, on a bed of silk, lay a large tear-shaped green stone.

"How lovely!" the child breathed with awe. "It must be a real emerald."

She rubbed it on her threadbare skirt; then held it up to the light which streamed from a small overhead window. A glow radiated from the very heart of the stone. The carefully cut edges reflected the light as the gem swung before her eyes on its narrow chain. She sat down slowly in an old rocker beside the dusty trunk, her eyes ever fixed on the object she held. Finally the girl relaxed and let her imagination carry her back into the unknown past.

She saw a small room, a young girl, and the necklace. The girl of her thoughts was tall, proud, beautiful, and unhappy. Great tears were rising in the corners of her almond-shaped eyes, and were running down her cheeks. The girl was not alone; a middle-aged woman surprisingly like her, and obviously her mother, was standing beside her and trying to comfort her.

"Dear," said the woman, "she was old and sick and it was time for her to go."

"But Mother, she was so good, so kind, so—so—" The girl again shook with sobs. "She shouldn't have given me this necklace. It is—it was—her favourite—" The girl broke off and collapsed into her mother's arms.

The scene shifted before Joan's eyes, but once more the same beautiful girl stood before her. This time she was singing softly and smiling the secret smile of one in love. She was dressed in a long gown of pure white satin, which flowed down to her ankles. Her dainty feet were shod in the smallest of small slippers, and her golden hair was swept up to the top of her head. From there it fell in soft, unruly curls. She turned in front of a long mirror and draped the train of her dress over one slim arm. She curtsied low before an imaginary admirer and took his phantom arm. Her mother, who was again present in Joan's picture, frowned wearily at her daughter's antics, and called her for the "tenth" time to sit down to have her hair combed.

After this task had been accomplished the mother retired to the drawing-room, leaving the excited daughter to herself. The latter was about to put on her elbow-length white gloves when she remembered "it." Opening a small drawer in her bureau and glancing quickly over her shoulder, she drew out the very box Joan had found. She regarded the necklace soberly for a few minutes before fastening it around her throat. Room, mirror, and girl faded into nothingness as once more the scene of Joan's imagination changed.

Now there was a vast hall lighted with a million candles in elaborate chandeliers. The floor of marble was overcast with the shadows of couples dancing a stately waltz. Joan's eyes scanned the room until they came to rest on the figure of the beautiful girl and her necklace.

"Ah," smiled Joan, "she is truly the most beautiful of all the grand ladies, and her partner" (upon noticing the handsome young man with her) "is well fitted to be her escort."

Thus the little girl dreamed on until a voice calling "Joan" pierced the curtain between present and past, and awoke her to reality. All the splendour of the great hall was gone and with it the beautiful girl and her necklace. Joan glanced down into the trunk and found that it was filled with drab winter clothing, while clutched in her fist was only a long piece of string with a large knot tied in the middle.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, VI A.

DANGER

I wonder how many of us ever think about the many dangers in the lives of the wild animals in the forest. Here is one most tragic incident that happened a short time ago.

Something was wrong. All the animals of the forest knew it, for from the sky came down thick clouds of smoke against the clear blue of the morning. It was early in the fall; some eager hunters had been camping in Glen Eden forest. Being very anxious to start the day's hunting early they had set out, forgetting to put out their camp fire. James, the older hunter, remembered it later, and fled back in horror.

But when he returned—No! No! It was too late!

The terrified animals were stampeding through the woods leaving their homes behind them. They went bounding off in terror, some even forgetting their young.

The whole forest rang out with that one cry. "Fire! Danger! Run! Run for your lives!"

TONY SHARP, V A.

KIDNAPPED

It was a lovely day, so lovely that it cooled off Anne's temper and to do that all the bird's glad trills, all the bright nodding flowers and soft breezes were needed. Anne had come to this secluded country road to rant and rave about the injustices she had suffered from her family in general and from her father in particular. She was not the least bit sorry for being rude and only wished that she had slammed the door harder.

"Can you tell me which road goes to St. John's?"

It was a pleasant voice, and the owner when she looked up and saw him in his car, was pleasant-looking also, with dark glasses and an engaging smile. Anne gave him the directions but they were so confusing and—another engaging smile—he was a stranger here—could she possibly get in the car and show him, if it wasn't too much trouble?

Put in that way, Anne did not find it too much trouble and she obligingly got in, telling him that he would have to turn around first and that there was a cross road not very far ahead.

Being in a strange car with a stranger gave Anne a slight twinge of uneasiness, but because of her previous mood, the uneasiness was banished as old-fashioned and conventional. She was afraid, however, that he would miss the turning as the car was going very fast.

"The road's just there," she said, pointing.

The car did not slow down nor did the driver give any sign that he had heard her; in a minute they were past the road.

"You missed the turning; maybe if you backed up—"

"I didn't miss it."

"You didn't?"

Suddenly the uneasiness which she had felt came back and became a fear; unconsciously her hand went to her throat and she felt the quick pulse; she tried to think. "The door, I must somehow get it open, jump out then—"

"The door only opens from the outside and I've glued the window, so don't try to get out, and please don't be scared; I won't hurt you if you behave yourself."

She tried the door, the window! They did not budge. Her hands felt clammy, her throat was dry and her heart-beat was deafening.

"Keep calm, think, don't panic, don't let him know you're afraid, be calm."

Turning to the window, she tried to figure out exactly where she was; she knew the road; she'd been here with her father. Her father! The highway was off to the right, at an angle. Oh heavens! Was he watching her behind those horrible dark glasses.

Now there were woods on both sides of the road; the car stopped. Anne heard him open his door and get out.

"Come on. No, this way."

Quelling the despair that arose from those clipped tones, Anne slid out and felt her wrist seized in an iron grip. He looked around quickly then dragging her behind him, went across the road and followed a little path into the woods.

Around a turn in the path was a pond and in the distance, a shack. Just as they reached the pond he cursed, and letting go her wrist, bent down to pick a cluster of burrs off his trousers. As quick as a flash, given unusual strength by her fear, Anne gave him such a push as to take him completely by surprise. He fell head first into the pond. Anne did not stop to see if he had fallen into deep water or if his shouting was keeping him in it, but turned around and flew down the path, around the bend, across the road, pausing long enough to open the car door and grab the keys, then over the ditch, under the fence, across the fields and towards the highway. She half ran, half stumbled, not once slackening her pace or looking back. Her hand pressed against her side, she ran on and on, not thinking, yet knowing that she must keep on, she must get away.

She reached the highway, her breath coming in uneven gasps; the pain in her side was unbearable, but still she did not slow down. Compelled by instinct stronger than reason, she ran and ran and ran. Only when she reached the main street of the town did she slow down a little, almost crying with pain and relief.

Was that her father, there, coming out of the store? It was!

"Daddy," she sobbed, then louder.

"Daddy," she cried and started to run again.

JANET BEATTIE, Matric.

AUTUMN

As the glowing pink of the setting sun rests in the western sky, a gentle breeze sweeps across the harvest fields and valleys. A soft rustle of leaves is heard as the breeze wisps through the masses of fiery oranges and reds and a few of the leaves swirl onto the grass below. The quiet gurgle of a forest stream breaks the silence around it, and many little boats of yellow and orange float upon its shining surface as they slip from twigs. A golden shimmer of light spreads across the hills to the fields where, neat row by neat row, the precious stooks of grain stand drying in the warm October air. As the last rays of the sun sink behind hills of deep purple, the shadow of dusk falls gently upon the earth.

CATHERINE STEWART, VI B.

THE GROCERIES

As we enter the Dominion Stores we are met by that unique smell of groceries and paper bags that only a large grocery store has. Out of the handbag comes the shopping list; I grab a carrier and follow along behind Mummy.

First on our list—oranges! Mummy takes a bag and begins dropping the oranges in, counting them as she does so. Suddenly she stops; her trained eye has spotted some other kind that look nicer.

"I think that kind over there will be better for juice," says Mummy as she empties the first type back to where they came from and moves farther along to the juicier type. (They all look the same to me, but I never say anything, because Mummy always knows what she is doing.)

"—eleven, twelve! There, the dozen!" The bag is placed in the carrier and we proceed to the tomato section.

Mummy buying tomatoes is something I always find terribly amusing. Every box of tomatoes is opened and examined—sometimes a tomato is picked up and gently felt. I always think the next step will be to start transferring the tomatoes from box to box, but before such drastic measures are taken Mummy usually finds a box that is satisfactory and I hurry her on before she changes her mind.

"Tell me, are these good cooking apples?" asks Mummy turning to an attendant who invariably says "Yes," and I always feel that if the next person who came along asked if they were good eating apples he would say "Yes" too. So we grab the bag of apples and proceed.

"What vegetables should we have with the roast-beef to-night, dear?" Mummy asks, turning to me, but usually whatever I suggest is "never nice at this time of year," or "your father doesn't like them," and we end up buying peas.

Butter never presents much of a problem; we nearly always stick to the same brand, and the same applies to bacon, unless Mummy spies some new brand that we have never had; then we always get a package, "Just to try it."

Now ordinarily one would complain bitterly if one received sour cream or stale bread, and although I realize that some recipes call for such things I always find it rather disturbing when on occasion Mummy goes up to an attendant and **wants** stale bread or sour cream. Of course they always profess not to have sour cream or stale products and we usually have to purchase them at some small corner grocery.

"Now, let me see—is that all?" A quick glance over the list and at the carrier! "Yes, I think so."

Everything is packed into bags and we trundle out to the car.

We are nearly home when suddenly Mummy brings the car to an abrupt halt. "Oh, dear, we forgot to get the fish for the cat," says Mummy turning the car around and heading back for the Dominion Store. "We can't go home without the cat's fish." (and this may sound pretty silly, but if you knew Charles, our domineering cat, you'd understand why his fish is so important!)

We pull up in front of the Dominion Store and I offer to go in and get the fish.

"Oh, no, I'd better go; I know just what type to get. You wait here in the car—I'll only be a minute," says Mummy as she gets out of the car.

Twenty-five minutes later she arrives with a large bag in her arms, the contents of which is obviously more than a bit of fish for Charles, and when I ask what happened—"Well, dear, they just got in some lovely fresh rolls and I thought we could have them for supper, and then I remembered we needed some flour, and they didn't have the type we always buy right there so they had to send down to the basement for it. Then I met Mrs. — — and you know how she loves to talk, and you just can't get away from her."

A general fumbling for the keys takes place. "Oh, dear, where have I left the keys? They must be on the counter; run in and get them, dear."

I run into the store, snatch the keys and run out again.

Finally we reach home and put the car in the garage, and as we carry the groceries into the house I wonder if all mothers are as particular about the food they get for their families as mine is.

GILLIAN MACLAREN, VI A.



A greedy Comptonite, Suz - - ee,
 Insisted on gorging at tea.
 She ate like a glutton,
 Soon burst every button
 Her figure's now something to see.

GILL MACLAREN
 MARY MOLSON.

KEEPING TROTH

Behind the crest and motto true,
 Enfolded in her heart,
 The King's Hall girl, the old, the new,
 Fares forth and takes her part.
 Her head is high, her courage strong,
 And in her eyes a smile.
 But then, of course, there are the days
 When life seems not worth-while;
 The gloomy times when troubles mount
 And never seem to end;
 The days grow long, her spirits low,
 Her kindness hard to lend,
 But soon, God's loving, gentle hand
 Will draw away her fears
 And leave her fresh with hopes and smiles
 "Keeping troth" throughout the years.
 CATHERINE STEWART, VI B.

CAUGHT

One day in the middle of winter my brother and I decided to go on a hike. We wanted to explore the countryside for a distance of about three miles and then to go over the hills and through the beautiful forest beyond. We took about an hour getting our food ready and hot chocolate in a thermos. Also we had to dress up warmly, but finally we were off.

We had left home at about eleven o'clock, and now it was nearly noon by my brother's watch. About a quarter of a mile from the forest the sun seemed to duck behind the clouds more often, but we thought nothing of it. We reached the forest and sat down to eat ravenously some chicken and lettuce sandwiches and to drink the hot chocolate. As soon as we had finished we set off again. The forest looked beautiful with its blanched branches and with the soft white snow beneath our feet. We had a compass and we used it, because it would not have been difficult to lose our way. When we were past the forest, I saw black snow clouds rising and the wind got up. I realized that a storm was coming.

We started back home, but the wind blew the snow harshly on our faces. I was freezing. The wind blew right through all my extra clothing and suddenly I felt faint. I did so want to lie down. I knew I musn't, from stories I had heard of the Arctic. We were still a mile or so from home; we were not sure. I was slowing down considerably, and I could hear my brother beside me breathing heavily. My eyes were blurry, but I trudged on, not knowing what I was doing. My feet were completely numb. It was a real blizzard and I was not experienced.

About half a mile from home I gave up and sat down. I heard my brother shout at me. Then I sank into a sort of stupor and everything went black. My brother pulled at me and then he too sat down as if defeated. The next thing I was aware of was the thud of feet on the ground. Then I was picked up and then—

I woke in my own bed, warm, comfortable, but very tired. My brother was already awake and my family were beside me, beaming at me. I drank some hot chocolate and then sat up to tell my story.

SHIREEN FINCH, V A.

THE TRANSFORMATION

He was sitting on a circular oaken table, a fair boy of slight build, no more than five or six years old. Two thin, knobby-kneed legs dangled carelessly over the table edge as he slowly and rhythmically swung them back and forth. His faded green-and-yellow T-shirt and his beige corduroy shorts hung loosely around his lanky body. Perched jauntily on his head was a dark baseball cap. This contrasted sharply with the almost white hair that fell haphazardly over his forehead. One strand of hair shaded two intense eyes, which gazed lovingly at a deflated red balloon held in his lap by thin fingers. The corners of his mouth were turned up in a half-smile. Crossing his legs, he fingered the balloon lightly, looking at it possessively. His expression became questioning, and his dark blue eyes grew very round. Could he blow up the balloon himself? Gingerly he raised it to his mouth, took an enormous gulp, and blew so strongly that his face became crimson and he gasped for breath. He nearly fell off the table. A fierce look of concentration spread across his face, so that his chin—already prominent—stuck out even farther.

He inhaled strongly, stood up, and with conscious effort again tried to blow up the balloon. This time he was successful. He pinched the balloon tightly between two fingers, and with a countenance revealing wonder and fascination stared at the shiny pink ball which he now held. Why was it pink, not red, and why did his cheeks feel so puffy and queer? How beautiful the balloon looked, and what a funny sound it made when he rubbed it against his shirt! He laughed gleefully, and a large toothless grin broke over his shining face, now flushed from excitement and exertion. Then, clutching his precious balloon, he solemnly walked out of the room, looking haughty and knowing, for after his wonderful feat he felt very much a man.

MARY MOLSON, VI A.

THE COIN BURGLAR

Coin collecting is very interesting and can also be very exciting, as I found out one day last summer. My friend and I had left part of my coin collection spread out on my bedroom floor. The collection consisted of about three hundred and fifty coins from fifty-nine countries, arranged according to date, value, and country. We were sleeping in Mummy's room by the telephone because we were the only ones in the house for a week.

When we woke up we had a good breakfast; then we went into my room to pick up the mess. I stepped back in amazement! All my shiny, new valuable coins were missing! I came to the immediate conclusion that a burglar had stolen them. This was the only logical answer. I looked around for any traces of him, but my looking was in vain. The only place he could have sneaked in was through the ventilator shaft, but the hole was only large enough for a kitten to crawl through.

Kelsey, my friend, phoned the police because she knew one of the officers, but we got no help from them except the mumbled reply, "We'll keep our eyes open for any suspicious characters."

Kelsey and I decided then to stay up that night and leave the rest of my coins in the same position as the coins had been in the night before. We would hide in our cupboard and look through the crack in the door. We started our detective work at about seven o'clock, but it was not until one that we heard any noise. This was just a shuffling noise, but we looked through the door and let out a cry of astonishment. There, perched on his hind legs, was a little squirrel!

Later we retrieved my collection from the hollow of an elm tree and I became close friends with our little thief.

PATRICIA BALLOCH, V A.

THE MAGIC RIDING CROP

Jane sat in the corner of the large open field, thinking how lovely it would be riding around the field on a horse of her own—but Father had said they were too expensive and Mother was terrified of them—so, there wasn't much chance of getting one.

She wandered slowly back to the old-fashioned cottage, and rather sadly, too. The field was the only place where she could think privately, without her many noisy brothers and sisters bothering her. As she entered her small room she saw a riding crop lying on her bed with her name written on it.

"Whoever could have given this to me?" she thought, as she dashed outside and into her field to try it. Soon, however, she grew sleepy and lay down in a snug corner of the field.

As she picked up the crop after "her horse had missed the jump" her hand pressed against a tiny button. Instantly before her feet stood—oh, no, it couldn't be—but yes, it was—a horse! Jane was so startled she couldn't move. What would her parents say? As she picked up her crop her hand touched the same button again.

"Oh dear," thought Jane, "now there'll be two horses instead of one."

But no; the first horse disappeared. This made Jane very happy, for now she could make her horse come and go as she pleased. All she had to do was to persuade her parents to let her keep the crop. They were a little shocked at first, but after she had made the horse appear and disappear several times they got used to it and consented to her keeping the crop. She then started riding around the field on her horse, but suddenly it started going faster and faster and she got dizzier and dizzier—

"Jane, Jane, wake up!" she heard a distant voice calling. As soon as she opened her eyes she looked for her horse, but it was nowhere to be seen. Then Jane realized that the whole thing must have been a dream.

"Hurry, dear," her mother was saying excitedly; "there's the most wonderful surprise waiting for you."

Jane dashed back to the house, and there, standing in the front drive, was a horse. Poor Jane nearly dropped dead with surprise.

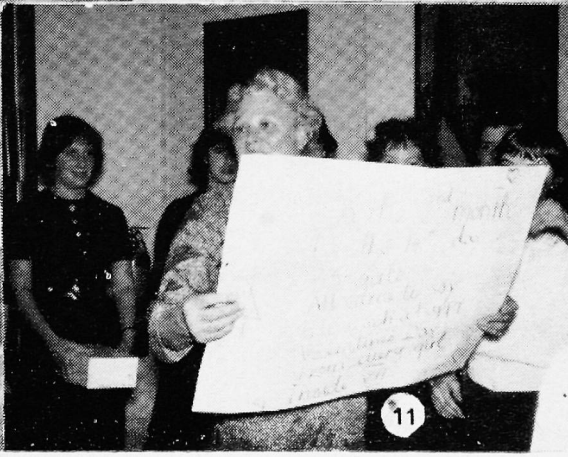
"Yes, dear, it's for you. Uncle Jack gave it to you because he is moving and couldn't keep it," her father told her.

Jane decided it must have been the crop that had brought her luck, but even to this day she does not know who it was that gave her the magic riding crop.

MARY CAPE, V A.

PICTURE CREDITS

1. Matric. Class Room.....HELEN HAND
2. School.....JANET BURGOYNE
3. Phone Booth.....JANET BURGOYNE
4. Rail Sitters.....HEATHER GRANT
5. Letters!!!.....GINA NICHOLS
6. Spring! Ah! Spring!.....HELEN HAND
7. Matric. Skit "Scratching".....HELEN HAND
8. Bridge Fiends.....JULIE CLARKE
9. Bathrobe Capers.....GILL MACLAREN
10. After the Party.....BROOKE BARRETT
11. Valentine Day.....JANET BURGOYNE



THE THRILL OF SKIING

Skiing! Every Canadian's heart lifts at that word. We can almost call it one of Canada's national sports, yet it began in Scandinavia in primitive times. At first it was not a sport at all, but a means of hunting and travelling in those northern countries where no roads could be dug through the winter's snow. Over a hundred years ago it became a sport with the first skiing competitions, held at Telemark, Norway. Today in Canada one of the favourite skiing regions is the Laurentians. There the ski hills are prepared in the fall or even the summer. Young men are hired to go out and "trim" them, cutting down all the bushes and small trees, and building up the "moguls" or bumps that the skiers will have to jump over in winter. Often new tows are put up and new hills made.

As soon as the first few inches of powder snow have fallen the keen skier is out on the hills practising for the winter races. Having bought ticket and lunch at a small hut at the bottom of the hill he joins the crowd on the tow. There the general topic of conversation is the weather. Everyone is friendly. People introduce themselves, and you find you are skiing with a really international group—some are from Sweden, some from Norway or Austria, and many, of course, from the United States.

Now it is winter and the day of your most important race! All the skiers are given numbers, which they pin to their backs. Each racer hopes for a low number, as the lower numbers go first, and the course is usually fresh. The racers slowly climb the hill and study the position of each pole. Around each pole black ink has been scattered. This is in case some skier knocks over a pole. The official on the side lines will then be able to replace it in the exact position. When you finally reach the top you immediately begin melting waxes and painting them on the back of your skis. You take off your bulky jackets and stand ready in your slim racing jacket. Sometimes the club for which you are racing has special colours. For instance, anyone racing for St. Sauveur usually wears a green and white jacket. At the top the racers stand nervously trying to keep warm by stamping their feet and waving their arms. Finally your number is called and you take the starting position and wait for the word "Go!" As the voice behind the microphone starts the count-down your mind goes completely blank and you can't remember any poles. Three more seconds—two more—one—and then you're off!

The second you're through the first gate you

remember the course and start gaining speed for the next turn. It's coming closer and closer as you whip in and out of the poles. Well, you made that turn, but as you look up you see a small twig. Too late now; your steel edges have caught and thrown you off balance. You try to untangle yourself from the poles as you hear voices of encouragement telling you to hurry. At last you are on your way again, poling for the next gates. You think that the fall, which seemed to last for ages, must have cost you at least fifteen seconds. You shudder as you hear some stone loosened by the previous skier scrape your base. At last you've reached the half-way mark, but already your legs are beginning to tire. You remember a tricky flush, (a group of poles spaced in a fairly straight line close together) and you wonder if you'll manage to slide through those tight gates. Suddenly you feel your skis slip on a bit of ice and slide into the ruts formed by previous skiers. Your hand touches the snow and you push yourself to regain your balance. Around those last exciting poles and over the finish line you fly, and as you do you wonder what your time was. A ski companion comes and congratulates you on a fine run. Your time, perhaps, was one minute and fourteen seconds. You came second, by one second. If only you hadn't fallen! Oh, well, skiing is not always racing and is not always successful.

Yes, sometimes accidents occur more serious than your little spill. For these, all ski hills have a ski-patrol system. Rescue sleighs are placed in different localities on the hills. The ski-patrol will often have to take an unfortunate skier down the hill in a patrol toboggan to a nearby doctor. Even if a few people are hurt, though, I think everyone will find that in the long run skiing is a wonderful sport for both young and old.

VICTORIA RANKIN, VI A.

LONGA PENCILITIS

(Apologies to G. K. Chesterton, whose "On Lying in Bed" provided the initial idea.)

Thirteen leading psychologists inform us that sixty-three point four percent of the inmates of most A.F.C.P.W.K.T.N.C.B.A.T.D.B.T.P.W.W.L.T.B.A.N.C. (Asylums for crazy people who know they're not crazy, but are told differently by their psychiatrists, who would like to buy a new car) are in there for reasons that can be traced directly back to a pencil. Isn't that disturbing? The thing we must remember is that these people all used to be completely normal, just like you and me (?); they lived normally, talked normally, ate normally, and every morning would rush out to work normally,

even though they would much rather have stayed in bed. Now here is where the pencil comes in. Just imagine how many more people there would be on the earth to-day if these asylum inmates had had brightly-coloured pencils long enough to draw on the ceiling from where they were reclining, and had been able to stay in bed instead of straining their nerves rushing off to miss their busses or trains. Just picture their sane, contented, fat faces as they scribbled away, giggling with glee while their children starved and "wifey" scrubbed ceilings for a pittance. Such a happy world it would be, but for the lack of long coloured pencils. Because of this oversight in supplies, our taxes soar and soar, as more distraught sufferers from that dreaded disease, "Longa Pencilitis" are admitted to our national asylums, where they spend their remaining days in small, quiet rooms with no ceiling or pencils around to distrub them.

Recently a group in a small community banded together at Charlie's Coffee-House and decided to write directly to the Beagle Pencil Company to ask if they could discover the cause for the shortage of long pencils—coloured or otherwise. The reply came back that most of their employees had gone crazy while trying to design and chisel these pencils, and had joined the elite at the A.F.C.P.W. K.T.N.C.B.A.T.D.B.T.P.W.W.L.T.B.A.N.C., and were ending their days trying to stick pieces of paper together in a room with a very low ceiling. The very notable psychiatrist, Dr. I. C. Nomore had said that these people were all suffering from Pencila Vertiga, which is supposed to be caused by height. Another reason for the non-manufacture of these long pencils, the Beagle Company said, was that customers had been complaining that they couldn't get sharpeners for these extra-long pencils.

This is how conditions are to-day. Are we just going to sit around and let things stand as they are? Are we? Must we keep adding to these sixty-three point four percent? Eventually the world will become so cluttered up with Longa Pencilitis patients that our asylums will overflow and in time their occupants will take over towns, cities, nations, and finally the whole world. At length the small percentage of sane people will be considered insane by the lunatics, and will be carried off to rooms where they will create—not with pencils, but with finger paints. This brings me to another point. The fact that finger-paints are fashionable in asylums to-day stems from the lack of the small, slender object which should have been longer—the pencil. All pencils, regardless of size, were banned from places containing victims of Longa Pencilitis and

the newer disease, Pencila Vertiga, because as I have stressed, they have a distressing effect on the inmates.

Is there a solution to this growing problem of diminishing quantities of long pencils? Yes! Years and years of brainless effort have gone into this nation-wide problem. Millions of dollars have been spent on writing-paper and pens, but a decision has finally been reached. Because it is no longer possible for long pencils to be made, the world shall be rid of all beds, and it shall be a crime punishable by law for any person to be found resting in a prostrate position—especially in a room containing a ceiling. The council has spoken, and in doing so hopes to wipe out a disease which might well have threatened this planet, earth—Longa Pencilitis.

JANE MACDOUGALD, VI A.



SATAN

He was a black stallion; he ruled over the valleys and plains. This was his kingdom, and as he watched over his herd, no trespasser would dare come near.

But there is always one who thinks he is braver and more daring than anyone else. This time it was a high-spirited black-and-white pinto, who wanted the herd for himself. Silently he trotted over to where the mares were grazing. One of them uttered a shrill cry. Satan knew there was danger. Down from a cliff he shot like a bolt of lightning, his black mane and tail blowing in the wind. His sleek black body went charging for the pinto, who turned around and faced his assailant. Satan reared and struck the pinto in the withers, digging his teeth in savagely. The pinto stumbled, but did not fall; the fight for him was not over yet. Again and again Satan reared, trying to frighten the pinto away, but after a short period of time he knew that he was going to have to make the kill. He charged at the pinto, striking him with such force that the horse lost its balance. Satan's fore-foot went smashing through the pinto's skull. He fell to the ground with a thud. The pinto was dead!

Wearily Satan trotted back to his herd. When back on the cliff he gave a loud victory cry and there was peaceful silence once more.

CAROLINE MASSEY, V A.

IT'S A PUPPY'S LIFE

I am such a clever dog! They still think I am a puppy. Puppies, I have been told, haven't much common sense. Well, I have. I know where my mistress keeps her shoes. It's not hard to forget, once you've found the source of those forbidden, fuzzy slippers that have such a satisfying softness to the mouth. It's just like nibbling the cat—who, by the way, squawks and makes all manner of ugly noises when I play with her. But those slippers I was telling you about—oh my, but they're good! The outside is softer than the inside, but I think I like the inside best, probably because it's harder to get at. It **is** hard. You try turning a slipper inside out with teeth, tongue, and paws. It's well worth the effort, though. The inside is rough and sort of tickles the inside of my mouth, and I can't seem to control my posterior addition from going thump, thump on the floor.

Even more fun is being caught! Ha! ha! I usually fool them, and they get **so** cross! As soon as I hear one of them coming I act most normally. I just lie still with my muzzle flat on the floor, only raising most innocent brown eyes to follow the movements of the approaching feet. Of course I may throw a quick glance upward to watch the expression on the face of the member of the family who has just arrived. I don't sit on the slipper or try to hide it in any way; that would be cheating, but when I see the feet stop, turn, and point in my direction, I know it's time to leap up and bound out of the room, slipper in teeth, tail flowing straight out behind me, ears flat and head high, and with the most devilish look I can muster. I can manoeuvre my trotting feet so smartly that I usually manage to get around some corner before they catch me. Then, still running, I drop the slipper in a most graceful manner (I would not want any harm to come to it), while I halt a few yards away to take a quick glance at the infuriated master who has had the trick played on him again. If I'm daring enough to go that far I disappear immediately.

Other times, when I don't get caught in the act of chewing, I forget to put the slipper back where it belongs. More than once I've had said to me, "Look me in the eye and tell me you don't know what happened to this slipper."

Who'd think of looking them in the eye? I use my head. If you want to stay out of trouble, just sort of gush up to them, you know; look up and down (mostly down); swish your tail sheepishly across the floor as you slowly edge up—and maybe to soften them more, take a playful nudge or

nibble at the slipper! That trick always works. They feel so badly at getting cross, they just place a hand on your lowered head and say, "Bad dog," so kindly that it makes you almost laugh out loud, and you turn your face away to hide the smile. Just think of all I get away with!

Tell you something else I play with a lot. It's the wire from the top of an old lamp shade. It's tied onto the back of one of the kitchen chairs. It was put there originally for the cat, I think, but he won't tell me. I don't think he likes to mention playthings in front of me. But as I was saying, I love to hear this wire crash against the back of the chair. It gives a strange ringing sound that makes me tingle all over, and makes my eyes go a little blurry. I swing it up and down with my teeth, around and around, while my nose, my feet, and my tail are all entangled in a smashing, ringing and whizzing of wires, chairs, and table legs. This usually results in my getting half knocked out, as I never seem to get my head out of the way before the wire comes down. Then my legs feel like rubber and begin to wobble from side to side as I stagger out to lie on the grass in the fresh breeze. There, all is peaceful; the only sound I hear is the sea endlessly lapping against the rock. I love to lie there best of all.

PEGGY BUTTERFIELD, VI A.



HARBOUR LIGHTS

As the sun went down under the horizon, a gradual quiet spread over the land. The blue shades of day had blended with the purple and scarlet colours of the night.

Taking a deep breath, I relaxed. In the background sweet music was playing. Paddles could be heard flipping the waters, gently, as the gondolier rowed the gondola down the canal and chanted to the lovers. Venice had never looked so enchanting before. I shall never forget this vision.

To-night there would be a full moon. The canals were tinted with a greyish-yellow colour. These harbour lights of rose, green and gold cast a magic spell which tingled in the air. How they shimmered across the shallow water! Like a milky way full of twinkling stars, they formed a path. A picture I had once seen came to my mind—a beautiful picture of Jesus walking on the water in a path of shining light. There was something very special about this scene, something which has imprinted it indelibly on my mind and that is why I wished to tell you about my experience.

VI B ANONYMOUS

ON WANDERING

I like to wander, not with others but alone. As wandering is an exercise both physical and mental I like to go about it my own way. I indulge in wandering when I please, usually when I want to be alone after a quarrel or when I feel lonely.

Though wandering is not a sport, it has certain rules—to my mind, anyway. I start out usually in an angry or sad mood, walking or ambling in any direction. At first I do not notice the scenery, roads, or anything, but I am alone in my thoughts, kicking pebbles along a small dusty road. All of a sudden I feel much better and continue ambling in a much pleasanter frame of mind. Instead of feeling sorry for myself, I begin to notice cobwebs glittering in the sun and bubbling streams bouncing here and there. How pleasant it is just to wander without anyone saying, “You shouldn’t go there,” or “Why don’t you walk faster?” or “Stop day-dreaming.”

When I am alone I can do as I please, watch a shaft of sunlight shine down on a wild flower, listen to the birds twittering sweetly in the trees, or sit at the edge of a brook and dabble my feet in the cool clear water.

When wandering I cannot help thinking of all the beautiful things that God has created and that are not enjoyed, simply because people have not taken time to look at them, even though they might have passed them dozens of times. How many people have eyes but never see? Wandering, I notice things that I have seen but never really observed before, the fragility of graceful ferns waving in the breeze, the songs of birds and the playfulness of chipmunks.

Quite a few people have never had the pleasure of wandering. I am sure they do not know how much they have missed.

DIONE NEWMAN, Matric.

INTERRUPTED DREAMS

Several hours of peaceful quiet have passed. You are sleeping soundly. Clang! Clang! “Why on earth are they ringing the rising bell in the middle of the night?” you mumble and grumble to yourself. Clang! Clang! **Clang!** You duck under the covers to blot out the terrible sound. Clang! Clang!

Under the blankets you think to yourself, “Maybe it isn’t the rising-bell after all. Maybe it’s the fire bell. The Fire Bell!”

The sheets are hurriedly pushed aside and you clamber out of bed.

“Oh, where’s my flashlight? Sue, Kathy, get up! It’s fire-drill!”

The insistent sound of the fire-bell sends shivers up and down your spine. Come on, try to remember all the rules. Shut the window, get a blanket off your bed, get your flashlight, put on your dressing-gown and slippers, and finally, close the door after you.

“I’m all set! Guess Sue and Kathy have left me here, so I’d better hurry to the fire-escape.”

After roll-call on the fire-escape you return to your room and try to reassemble your bed. Once again between the sheets you remember how frightened you had been. Why, look, you are still trembling! Of course, it’s all in a night’s work at King’s Hall.

WILLA MAGEE, V A.



We would like to thank all those who have helped Per Annos by inserting advertisements or by anonymous contributions. We hope that you will find this year’s edition interesting.

Thank You.



1. Sunday Breakfast . . MARCELLA
VICKERS
2. Cottage from the West . . KATHY
MACCULLOCH

3. Christmas Stockings NANCY
MACDONALD
4. Juniors JANET BURGOYNE

JUNIOR COTTAGE REPORT

The usual quota of twenty-one have lived at the Junior Cottage this year. Gillian Stainforth and Kathy McKay come from South America, Elaine Oliver from Barbados, and Julie Clarke from Vermont; all the others are from Canadian homes. Eleven are from Montreal or its suburbs—twin sisters Anne and Elizabeth Stikeman, Marcella Vickers, Patsy Cooney, Andrea Newman, Bonnie Rinfret, Sheila Salmond, Elizabeth Macnaughton and Vickie Druce. Four are Ontario girls—Pinkle Sturgeon from Oakville, Antonia Wright and Cathy Lawson from Ottawa and Anne Ritchie from Toronto—and only three live in Quebec, Elizabeth Brown in Drummondville, Andrea Jellico in Lennoxville and Monica Marston in Sherbrooke.

Two Prefects, Marcella Vickers and Elizabeth Stikeman, were appointed early in the year and have contributed greatly to the smooth running of daily life at the Cottage.

We were all very sorry to learn that Mrs. Welter was leaving us at Christmas time. Our usual party was most enjoyable, but tinged with regret that it must include a farewell presentation to our Matron.

Spring has once more brought its brightness to our Cottage garden. Baseball is the order of the day for after school recreation and we are looking forward to our summer term.

Greetings to all from our happy little group!

THE JUNIOR COTTAGE GIRLS.

MY FIRST BIG RACE

I was number one in the State Final Ski Meet, the biggest race of the season. I spent many precious hours the night before testing all sorts of waxes, for the type you chose could mean winning or losing the race. Many girls all over the East had entered and showed great promise for this race, and I out of all these girls, was number one. It was a big moment for me when my number was called and I was waiting for the count-down at the starting line, running my skis along the snow to smooth the uneven wax. The count-down was called and my whole body surged forward and I was off.

This was the most thrilling part of the race as on every turn my skis bit into the ice and a feeling of exaltation ran through me as I took each turn with excellent timing and all the days of constant practising seemed to be paying off. I had a good run and I had to take the course twice. The time made on both courses would be my final total. When I started again I had more confidence, but the course was very icy and a lot tougher. My legs would have given out easily but with constant practice they were a lot stronger. When I was on my way towards the last gate I hit a large bump unexpectedly and was sent sprawling over the snow. These things happen only too often. I had lost a lot of time, but did finish fifth. Next time maybe I would do better.

JULIE CLARKE, V B.

LIFE IN PUERTO RICO

If you have never been to Puerto Rico you will find that it is very hot but so interesting that you won't mind the heat. This island is only a hundred miles long from one end to the other. The people here are of small stature with handsome features. Spanish is the native tongue, but some speak a little English. On account of the heat, the stores close during the middle of the day. After lunch the natives and the tourists alike have a siesta.

On the main and side roads are new, modern hotels with more being built all the time. The roads up to the mountains are very winding and turn sharply. The people who live by farming must grow their crops on the hillsides which are nearby. There, too, may be seen sheep or cows staked out for feeding, with paths winding up between the tiny plots.

ELIZABETH MACNAUGHTON, V B.

AUTUMN LEAVES

We had just arrived at our country house, surrounded by trees with bright crimson, and brown-sugar coloured leaves. Sparkling in the gay, crisp, morning sunshine they looked as though a jolly artistic elf had over night danced around from tree to tree and sprayed the little green leaves with a spray-gun filled with bright autumn colours. Here we were to stay in this fairyland of beauty for the entire Thanksgiving holiday.

NANCY MACDONALD, V B.

AN EVERGREEN IN WINTER

Winter comes with all its beauty. The ordinary trees have lost their leaves and stand bare and deserted, waving their ghostly arms in the wind. But not so with the evergreens. The beautiful pine trees' long needles are covered with frost and snow, making a wonderful contrast against the bare branches of the maples, elms and oaks.

There has been a heavy snow fall, and the branches of the evergreens are laden with snow. Here and there a tiny green twig peeps out, suggesting life, even beneath the great snow piles. In the shelter of the thick needles many birds and small animals find warmth even though the bitterest winds may blow. The evergreens are also very lovely after a thaw. The snow has all melted and then a freeze comes. Each tiny needle is completely encased in a tiny ice covering. The sun shines down, turning the ice to all colours of the rainbow. Truly winter is the evergreens' time.

ANDREA JELLCOE, V B.

ALGONQUIN PARK

There is a beautiful park about a hundred and sixty miles north of Toronto. The name of this park is Algonquin Park.

This park is mostly forest surrounding lovely lakes and rivers. In the daytime many deer and other animals will come out of the woods and stand on the roadside waiting for someone to stroke or feed them in passing by. In the evening when many animals go to bed you might see a lovely sunset lighting up the gloomy clouds in many brilliant colours. At night you may hear the lonely cry of a wolf or the screeching of an owl that may be killing its prey. If you want to see some of the things in the Park there is a museum quite near. This park is a delightful place to spend a holiday.

ANNE RITCHIE, V B.

MY TRIP TO DISNEYLAND

Just last June our family took a trip to Los Angeles. One of the places we went was to Disneyland.

This place is in the heart of Los Angeles. There are all sorts of rides and things to do and see. One can go on such rides as a trip to Tom Sawyer's Island, a trip underneath the water in a real submarine; a trip to the moon and many other wonderful things. Out of all these I like the submarine trip the best. There is a long wharf where you wait for the boat. Inside the boat there are port holes to look through. Underneath, through these portholes, you can see fish and mermaids swimming about; wrecks of old ships and chests of gold. The trip was most enjoyable and I would like so much to go back again some day.

BONNIE RINFRET, V B.

MY FAVOURITE WINTER BIRD

There are many birds which in Winter choose to stay here rather than fly south. They are taking a great risk and I think that is what makes them so special. . . Nature protects them by colours like the little snow bird who looks as white as the snow. But I think my favourite is the little sparrow.

On a quiet winter day you may be bothered by the chirping of a sparrow on your window sill. He is overjoyed if you toss him some scraps of bread and from then on is your best friend. If you truly are a bird lover you probably have erected a bird house in which your feathered friends have made themselves a home. One thing very nice about these birds is that they stay in winter to make the outdoor life even more wonderful.

JULIE CLARKE, V B.

YOUNG'S ISLAND

This island is about the smallest of the Grenadines, which are a number of small islands that make up a part of the West Indies.

Young's Island, so named because of its owner, is only about one square mile, but in this small space there is a lot of beauty. There is a lovely beach with sparkling white sand and many interesting shells. Farther inland there is one small house with about three rooms. Around this is a wonderful garden with trees and flowers of many different species that are all very beautiful. There is a small path through this garden and if we follow it we come to another small house at the top of a hill. From this spot one gets a marvellous view of many of the other small islands nearby. This little cottage is often rented to tourists because of this view. The view from here really is something you would have to see to understand so I won't try to tell you about it. I'll just say it is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. The back of this island is not exactly beautiful, but there is a certain type of beauty in its great, black rocks.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT, V B.

THE ROBIN'S SONG

A sweet Spring morning came up over the hills with the rising sun. The mist began to disappear and away across the fields the first morning song of a red-breasted robin was heard. He sang from a green willow tree beside a quiet pond. Perhaps he was singing of the coming Summer days, or maybe of past things seen in far-away places where he had spent the Winter, or maybe just from sheer happiness.

The mist was now gone completely and the robin's song rose and fell in clear, silvery notes. As the sun grew hotter, the robin flew away and soon his voice began again, but was now joined by the songs of many birds welcoming the new day.

SHEILA SALMOND, V B.

A RED CROSS CENTRE

One day in the Christmas holidays, two friends and I went to the Red Cross Centre in Montreal. There we started packing stockings for children in poor homes and hospitals. These stockings were donated by various companies for children of all ages. Our job was to unpack the over-filled stockings and fill them properly. In each stocking we put a colouring book, a reading book, crayons, toys and sweets of some kind. On a table there were boxes filled with the extra toys and candy which we would add to the stockings if they were not filled. After packing a stocking you would tie the top with a ribbon, making it look attractive. During the whole Christmas season heavy boxes were sent out every afternoon so that many, many children who would not otherwise have much could have a merry Christmas.

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN, V B.



AN ACCIDENT

Some accidents are fatal and some can seem bad at first; then turn out to be quite funny. That is how one of mine ended.

It was Easter when a friend of mine and I were colouring eggs. We couldn't find any containers, so we looked through all the cupboards and in the end we found about seven plastic ones. We put boiling water and a bit of dye in each one. Soon after that we saw a strange bulge in each container and before we knew it the hot water had melted the sides and the different colours were all over the table cloth. Unfortunately my friend's mother came into the kitchen at that crucial moment. We felt sure we were in for a good scolding, but to our surprise, she said she was glad as she never had liked that table cloth; then we all started to laugh.

JILL STAINFORTH, IV A.

There was a young lady named Sue
Who went to the Formal in blue.
She said in amaze
"I've been waiting for days
Just to dance the whole night with you."

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN.

K. H. C. O. G. A.

We, the Old Girls, wish to extend our most sincere congratulations to Miss Gillard on the occasion of her thirtieth anniversary at King's Hall. There is no doubt that her influence on our conduct is strongly felt throughout each day of our lives. Her words of wisdom and advice and the fine example of her own character are deeply rooted in our consciences. How lucky we are to have received the benefit of her amazing strength and tireless leadership! Miss Gillard has given us so much of herself that it is impossible to thank her adequately. We are happy to present this special Old Girls' section of the school magazine as a token of appreciation to Miss Gillard for what she has done and continues to do for us all. Please accept our humble gratitude, our loving admiration, and may God bless you, Miss Gillard.

MARRIAGES

Fiona Bogert to Anson McKim, January 22, 1960.
 Shirley Eakin to Ian Black, October 31, 1959.
 Judy Northey to Leslie Keith Lawes, February 6, 1960.
 Carole Eaton to Yves Fortier.
 Dolly Ann Arnold to John S. Bullen.
 Olivia Rorke to Iain Barr.
 Mary Holt to Linton Reid.
 Dorothy Johnstone to Robert Barclay Findlay, April 2, 1960.
 Ann McNally to Donald Budge, May 7, 1960.

DEATHS

Mrs. E. D. Hyndman (Eleanor Boswell). September 19, 1959.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Anastassios Papadopoulos (Ann Henderson) a daughter, June 2, 1959.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Allan (Jane Trenholme) a son, November 19, 1959.
 Mr. and Mrs. Barry Carrique (Margaret Stewart) a son, November 9, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Staniforth (Joanne Hewson) a daughter, November 5, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kehoe (Lois Keefer) a son, October 31, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. John Armour (Catherine Mavor) a daughter, September 30, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Wood (Ann Henderson) a son, September 28, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bignell (Barbara O'Halloran) a son, September 19, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stewart (Peggy Ross) a son, April 28, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Paterson (Joan Robb) a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hart (Myrne Harris) a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Barber (Linda Gordon) a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Anable (Ann English) a son, September 19, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. C. Vessot (Norma Wight) a daughter, March 7, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Doheny (Norah Deane) a daughter, March 26, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnston (Cynthia Roberts) a daughter, March 25, 1960.

So much interesting news has come in from the Old Girls that it has been impossible to include it all in this issue of Per Annos. Some of the news and stories will be held for the next edition. Our space is somewhat limited and some news arrived after the magazine had gone to press. Please send any recent or additional news to the secretary of The Old Girls' Association.

Miss Janet Henderson,
 1546 McGregor St.,
 Montreal, Que.
 Tel. No. WE 7-7064
 Business: WE 5-1112

King's Hall Compton Old Girls' Association

BALANCE SHEET As at February 29th, 1960

ASSETS

CASH:		
General fund	\$ 157.25	
Life Membership fund	765.23	\$ 922.48
DUE BY KING'S HALL INC.:		
Interest on investments		233.75
INVESTMENTS, at cost:		
\$4,000 Loblaw Leased Properties Ltd. 5½%, April 1st, 1983	\$ 4,022.50	
\$500 B.C. Telephone Co., 6%, September 15th, 1984	500.00	4,522.50
		\$ 5,678.73
REPRESENTING:		
General Fund:		
Balance, at beginning of year	\$ 3,639.50	
Interest credited to Life Membership Fund in prior years	46.48	
	\$ 3,685.98	
Less: Deficit 1959-60—statement attached	167.25	\$ 3,518.73
Life Membership Fund (Fees received):		
Balance at beginning of year	\$ 1,926.48	
Life Membership fees—1959-60	280.00	
	\$ 2,206.48	
Less: Transfer to General Fund of interest received in prior years ..	46.48	2,160.00
		\$ 5,678.73

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. BOYD WHITTAL,
Treasurer.

This is the statement referred to in our report of April 19th, 1960.

GLENDINNING, CAMPBELL, JARRETT & DEVER
Chartered Accountants, Auditors

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

For the year ended February 29th, 1960

GENERAL FUND

INCOME:		
Membership fees	\$ 221.00	
Receipts—teas and luncheons	256.50	
Bond interest	230.05	
Bank interest	13.72	
Premium on redemption of bond	11.25	\$ 732.52
EXPENDITURE:		
Stationery, printing and postage	\$ 132.87	
Teas and luncheons	229.58	
Travelling expenses	30.00	
Laura Joll prize	10.00	
Magazines	370.00	
Sundry	127.32	899.77
DEFICIT FOR THE YEAR		\$ 167.25

CLASS OF '42

ANNA MARTIN: Head Girl now working as a private secretary at the Vic.

ELIZ BEVAN: Head of Macdonald. Married, no further information.

ELIZ JOHNSON: Head of Montcalm. Now Mrs. M. Nixon, Town of Mt. Royal. Two children.

ANN EWENS: Head of Rideau. Now Mrs. C. Forbell, St. Jovite, Que. Two Children.

MARY MOLSON: 2nd prefect on Macdonald. Now Mrs. J. Iverson, Hampstead, Que. Four children.

HELEN HOOPER: 2nd prefect on Montcalm. Now Mrs. H. Kilgour, Toronto, Ont. Two or three children.

ELIZ. STUART: 2nd prefect on Rideau now married and living in Hamilton, Ont.

FRANCES McCHARLES: Sports Captain. Now Mrs. Duke, living out West.

FRANCES KELLY: Frannie works at Dominion Rubber and has a very good and interesting job. She is in the Public Relations Dept., and is Magazine editor. She is still a very keen skier.

FRANCOISE RAYMOND: Now Mrs. Conrad Porteous and living in Westmount, Que. Has three children.

XANTHE RYDER: Now Mrs. Michael Dalglish of London, England. Has three children. Visits Montreal occasionally.

ELIZABETH STOCKWELL: Now Mrs. Clarke Kemp, living in Sherbrooke. I believe she has three children.

BRIDGET HOLT: Married and living in England.

PAMELA WALDIE: Is married and living in Scotland.

AGNES GOOD: Aggie became a nurse soon after leaving Compton and then married a Doctor.

PRICILLA-ANN JACKES: Is now happily married, living in Vancouver as Mrs. J. Tyron, has three little girls.

ELIZABETH SEWELL: From Old Town, Maine, is married.

NORMA TACHERAU: Is now Mrs. Henry Carr and living in Ontario.

BEVERELY WHEELER: Is now Mrs. Harry Stokes and commutes between New York and Philadelphia and last but not least Ste. Jovite.

No recent news — whereabouts unknown

LAVINIA JONES; DORIS MOFFAT; NANCY WIGLE; JOYCE BIRKS; ELIZABETH EDMUNSON; SHIRLEY FLETCHER; ANN HANCOCK; CAROL LOCKHART; RITA BECK; EILEEN BIRKS; ANGELITA GUIROLA; HELEN HATCH. MARY MOLSON IVERSON.

CLASS OF '44

MARGARET BYLES: Graduate nurse of St.

Thomas', London, England. Married E. Dorrance Taylor, Field Secretary, McGill Graduate Society. Has a daughter and lives at Springhill Road, Magog, Que.

DORIS CRABTREE: Graduate nurse of R.V.H. Married Ian MacKenzie, Manager, Handy Andy Store, St. Catharines, Ont. Has three children.

BARBARA BERMINGHAM: B.A., Queen's University. Married James Barker, First Secretary, Canada House, London. Lives at 1, South Eaton Pl., London, S.W. 1. Has one son.

CLARE CARRUTHERS: Mrs. H. E. E. Peplar, 1257 Lakeshore Highway E., Oakville, Ont.

JUDY BAKER: Mrs. Lorne Arnold, 13 Oak Ave., St. Lambert, Que. Has four children.

RUTH MADDOCKS: Active in Canadian Guides. Married Robert Ferguson, executive of B.C. Forest Products, Ltd. Lives at 151 Cedar Dr., Youbou, B.C. Has two children.

BETTY LOGGIE: Private Secretary to executive of mining company. Active in Canadian Red Cross Corps. Lives at 201 Metcalfe Ave., Westmount.

PEGGY O'CONOR-FENTON: Mrs. Leslie Clapham, 468 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, Que. Has five children.

JOAN HEBDEN: Mrs. Mark Hannaford. 496 Mountain Avenue, Westmount, Que. Has three children.

ANNE MORGAN: Graduate of Chamberlain School of Retailing, Boston, Mass. Married Alfred E. Beck, metallurgical engineer. Lives at Rumson, N.J. Has four children.

NORAN HANSON: Mrs. Jack Forman. R.R. 5, Kingston, Ont.

DRUSILLA RILEY: B.A. McGill. Post Graduate Medical Social Studies, R.V.H. Active now in Junior League Hospital work. Married Maarten van Hengel, Banker. Lives at 250 Highland Ave., Philipse Manor, n. Tarrytown, N.Y. Has three children.

LUCY MOLSON: Mrs. James Morton. 593 Argyle Ave., Westmount, Que. Has four children.

JULIA MACKENZIE: Graduate nurse of M.G.H. Married Hamilton Fish, Jr., Lawyer. Lives at 1170 Fifth Ave., New York. Has four children.

DIANA GILL: B.A. Carleton University, Ottawa. Married David H. W. Kirkwood, External Affairs. Lives c/o Canadian Embassy, Bonn, W. Germany. Has three children.

SHEILA ELDER: B.A. McGill. Married R. E. Parsons, Lawyer. Lives at 60 Chesterfield Ave., Westmount, Que. Has three children.

CAROL AIKINS: Mrs. Beichman, New York City.

SHEILA (ELDER) PARSONS.

CLASS OF '45

ROSALIE-ANNE BALLANTYNE—3 years at McGill (Science) during which time she was once a runner-up for Carnival Queen. Married James Patterson, they spent several years in London, England, and are now in Accra, Ghana (Aluminum Co. of Canada). Two children; very busy entertaining visitors from abroad.

CHRIS RYDER—Left K.H.C. before final year, but her career is interesting. Graduated from Oxford, where she majored in Greek. Now the Assistant Editor of Times Literary Supplement, London.

EVA SKUTEZKY—Trained at Montreal General School of Nursing. Is now Nursing Supervisor of Operating Room, Montifore Hospital, New York City.

RUTH NEELD—(Mrs. K. C. Paton) P.O. Box 401, Kingston, Ont. One year at Mt. Allison University. Grad of Montreal General School of Nursing. Victorian Order Nurse in Montreal for 2 years before her marriage.

EVELYN HARRINGTON—Royal Victoria Hospital, School of Nursing. (We do not know her news since then).

ELIZABETH ANN ("Bub") HOLT—Lady Fisher, Chutch Farm, Abbotsley, St. Neots, Hants.

ANNE McLAREN—Mrs. Gordon Westphal, 329 Duke of Kent Avenue, Pointe Claire, Que.

MARILYN RUTLEY—Mrs. Lloyd Warnell.

ANNE COLLIER—23 Adam and Eve Mews, London W. 8, England.

MARTHA MORGAN—Mrs. T. J. McKenna, 139 Dobie Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.

JEAN RUTHERFORD—Mrs. W. J. Stauble, 105 Cote St. Antoine Rd., Westmount, Que.

KELTIE MacKINNON—Mrs. Denis Slattery, 39 Parke Avenue, Oakville, Ont.

ROSAMUND DUFFIELD—Mrs. J. G. Norris, 1085 The Parkway, London, Ont.

LOU DONALD—Mrs. C. Wm. Bermingham "Otterburn," Mineral Springs Rd., R.R. No. 3, Dundas, Ont. Has 3 children.

ENID FRENCH—Mrs. Douglas Maveety, 14639-93rd Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

SALLY BLACK—Mrs. John Baxter, East Riverside, King's County, N.B.

JEAN DODDS—Mrs. Ralph Kazi, 7421 Bayard Ave., Montreal, Que.

ALICE ROSS—Mrs. Peter Aird, 49 Palmerston Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Que.

AMY FOWLER—Mrs. J. W. Williams, 750-50th Ave., Lachine, Que.

ELIZABETH ABBOTT—Mrs. R. E. Schoettle, 12 County Line Rd., Bryn Mawr, Penna., U.S.A. B.A. 1959 McGill. Before her marriage, worked for 3 years in New York for the Canadian Department of External Affairs.

MARGARET JUPE—M.A. at St. Andrew's University, Scotland. Librarian course, London, England. Librarian at Fogg Museum, Boston. Library Work in New York City.

There do not seem to be any outstanding careers, but it is interesting to note that an extremely high percentage of this class attended university or went into nursing.

CLASS OF '47

BARBARA BLAKE: Mrs. Liam O'Brien, three children (two girls, one boy), Oakville, Ont.

SALLY BOOTHE: Married with two children, Toronto, Ont.

MARJORIE BUNBURY: Bell Telephone Co. Nurse.

JILL FOSTER: Mrs. Roderick Henry, three children (three girls). Activities: On board of Directors of Summerhill house, Westmount, Que. and Red Feather Marriage Counselling; Vol. Mt. Gen. Hosp.

CAROL GILES: Mrs. Fred Wilmot, four children (three boys, one girl), Calgary, Alberta.

JOANNE HEWSON: Mrs. Robert Stainforth, two children (two girls), Hampstead, Que. Activities: Coach of McGill Women's Ski Team. Director Ski Jay Ski Club (Jr. Development Program); Quebec Branch C.L.G.U. Jr. Golf Development Committee.

MARY HOBART: Mrs. John Fuller, five children (two boys, three girls), Westmount, Que. Treasurer of Junior League, Quebec Branch. Executive Committee of Royal Edward Hospital.

PATSY JOHNSON: Mrs. Jim Peers, two children, Toronto, Ont.

ROSEMARY MacKEEN: Mrs. John Ross, two children (one boy, one girl), Toronto, Ont.

LINDA PALMER: Mrs. Peter Souter.

BARBARA ROBB: Mrs. Don Thomson, three children (three girls), Springfield, Mass. Active with church functions.

AUDREY ROBINSON: Mrs. Neal Shaw, four children (two boys, two girls), moving to Montreal in June.

MARGARET SHIPMAN: Mrs. Robert Jones, two children (two boys), Montreal, Que.

NANCY TODD: Mrs. Robert Fowle, three children (two boys, one girl) Somerset, Bermuda.

JUNE WALKER: Mrs. George Hobart, three children (three girls), London, Ont. Active in Maycourt, Chairman of Store Day at Simpson's.

No recent news — whereabouts unknown

PEGGY BEATTIE; MARTHA DORA; ENID MARY GRAHAM; CLARICE HARRIS; JILL JOHNSON; HEATHER McIVER; CATHERINE PATTERSON; JENNIFER PORTEOUS; JOCELYN RUTHERFORD; SUSIE SEXTON; SHEILA STEWART.

**CLASS OF '48
Bridge Club**

Some fifteen years ago, Mademoiselle predicted that as we were all such chatterboxes, the only thing any of us would ever accomplish would be to form an active bridge club—so here we are!

"Your bid Mary Lou."

"Oh, did I deal? How come there are only four of us to-night?"

"Well, Marie left for Zurich yesterday to meet her fiancé's family. She's going to be living in Switzerland, you know. Betty is busy at home with her second son."

"One Club."

"I wonder what that's supposed to mean!"

"Pass. Did you hear that JANE (Cushing) QUAKENBUSH is living in Sierra Madré, California and has just had her third daughter?"

"That's nothing—JUDY (Aitken) PAULSON has two boys and a girl and is living in Schenectady and BARBARA (Beall) ROBERTON also has three children; but SALLY (Dobell) BLAIKLOCK tops the list with five."

"Two Hearts."

"What on earth are you bidding on Dione? You've been working too hard selling those Superheaters."

"I'm celebrating! I have just finished my last day at the office and am going back to the horses for the summer. Ann, it's really time you took a rest from being the big exectuve of the Firm."

"Will you be able to play next week Mary Lou or is that the time you're moving house?"

"Yes it is, and by the way Joan, could you take the two children for the day, the baby isn't due that week is it?"

"No, not that week, but we could play in the hospital anyway like we did when Evan was born."

"Who's bid is it?"

"I passed hours ago. Are we going to play it in Two Hearts?"

"Good. I'm dummy, where's the newspaper?"

"Oh look, did you see CHEE WEE (Jane MacLaren) WEEKS is moving to Florida with the two

children? and I see BYRNE WHEELER was stewardess on the Wheeler Airlines flight to the Arctic to-day."

"Talking about flying, I hear ALISON MOREIRA is working for B.O.A.C. in London."

"What do you all want to drink? While I'm gone, do you want to read the letter from JANIE (Hartman) MARTIN?"

"Oh, I didn't know she was living in Quebec."

"Yes, she has two children and MIRIAM (Baker) BLAIR is living there too and has three children."

"My, our class seems to be scattered about right now."

"Yes, WILLA (Benson) DALLEY is living in Hamilton and has a son; ELIZABETH (Bradshaw) LARGE is in Boston and has two children; MARJORIE MACKEEN is doing social work in Toronto; ANGELA ABRAMS is living in New Zealand; PAM (Smith) PRICE has three children and is living in Rye, N.Y., and JANE MATHER is in Vancouver, I think."

"Here are the drinks. Don't tell me you actually made your bid!"

"By the way, I saw BARBARA CHAMBERS to-day in the X-ray department at the General Hospital; she's a receptionist there."

"Didn't MARY (Forrester) SKINNER work there as a physiotherapist?"

"Not for ages; she's married to a doctor and has a son."

"Goodness, it's 11.30. We've certainly played more bridge than usual!"

And so ends another meeting of the "Bridge Club" of '48.

DIONE APPLETON,
ANN PITT,
JOAN (Williams) BALLANTYNE,
MARY LOU (Franklin) GALBRAITH,
MARIE STRATHY,
BETTY (Gibbs) DONALDSON.

CLASS OF '50

Good old class of '50, and it's still going strong! In fact, I think we have all strengthened our positions in the last ten years and have two or three to our credit. Unfortunately we have not kept in touch too well, but we do know that MUFTI is doing her level best to tip the scales in favour of the West. But with VAL, CINNIE, WILLA, DEIRDRE, NAN, JOANIE, BARBARA and others firmly settled in Montreal, and BUNTY and NANCY in Toronto, the odds against her are pretty great. However, MUFTI, I hope to join you some day.

JEANNIE EVERETT PURSE is enjoying life with her little family in Chatanooga, and would love to see anyone from KHC who may be travelling that way. JANE, CLAIRE, JILL and DOLLY ANN are also settled in the USA. Mary Ellen has just sailed to join her husband in Ghana, where he will be employed on a mining project for the next few years. Our best wishes go with you, ELLEN.

What fun we had in those years at Compton! Now even the restrictions and routine of the school (not to mention the punishments) which aggravated us at the time, can be warmly remembered. Of course, at the time we managed to divert ourselves from our regulated existence either by crazes or pranks. How many of us were completely lost in that fad of knitting diamond socks—more knitting needles were dropped in prep! Just think of the screaming delight we used to get out of one crust of bread plundered from the kitchen and divided among ten people. Really it didn't take much to have fun.

And yet, it is always the intrinsic experiences which make the greatest impression. Our surroundings alone were lovely, and now we realize how fortunate we were to live in such a healthful environment, under people who had our best interests at heart. The friends we made, and the experiences we shared will always be remembered, and to you, Gilly, we owe our greatest thanks.

KITTY (Evans) COCKS.

CLASS OF '51

I have enjoyed the "Research Work" I have been doing the past few weeks and now wish I'd given myself more time to track down the whereabouts of the one or two completely elusive members of my K.H.C. class of '51. As a result of my probings I have made several tentative dates to see friends I haven't seen for years.

The popular occupation of most of us seems to be that of the "ordinary" housewife (not to be outdone I hasten to add that I think this requires much talent!); but there are others who are adding more colour to the overall picture.

Almost all of us seem to have had the opportunity of doing some travelling. Here I am sure WILLA PRICE must hold the record. Her first trip took her to South Africa (with yours truly in attendance); then she went to South America. A while later she went on a wonderful trip around the

world, travelling from England, through the Middle East to India, Burma, China, etc. The only word I received from her on that trip was a hastily written Christmas Card which ended "must dash, a Maharajah is waiting to take me on an Elephant Ride." Since then I have had a hard time keeping track of her as she has travelled back and forth to England and the Continent and across our own fair land. In addition to all this LAL obtained her R.N. from the Montreal General Hospital and is currently putting her medical knowledge to use here in Montreal.

The Montreal General attracted two other class members. SHEILA BULMAN has her R.N. and is nursing in Montreal and JEAN CHAPLIN is on the dietetic staff of the hospital. She is a ward supervisor and is responsible for all the menu planning and the ward kitchens' personnel. Last year she and one other represented the General at the annual dietetic convention in Winnipeg.

Two girls are living abroad. MARY FELLOWS is working for the Aluminum Company in Geneva where she has been for three years. Previously she worked in London. She is making the most of her time there, skiing and seeing what she can of Europe. I hope to see her in August when she will be home for seven weeks. MARGOT BEAUBIEN is in London but makes frequent trips to the Continent. She was home for a while a year ago. DIANA DREW (now Mrs. Jean Pierre Togneri) sees MARGOT fairly regularly.

PAM STEWART I find is teaching Italian at McGill. She stayed in England then Italy for about two years.

Sarah Grant is in Ottawa working for Canadian Art Magazine, whose editor is ALAN JARVIS. She says her work is that of "General Assistant—Editorial, Production and Advertising. Quite Fun!" After getting her B.A. at McGill. SARAH worked in England and hitchhiked through Europe, along with two friends. She is now trying to organize a European Art tour which they hope to conduct this spring. Apparently all they need now are a few more interested travellers.

SUE WIGLE I hear is working in New York.

And that seems to be all the news I can muster together. In concluding, I would like to send very best wishes and love to Miss Gillard from all of us in the class of '51.

Sincerely,

ROBIN BOCOCK LEBARON.

CLASS OF '52

Living in Montreal and vicinity, practising housewives are BARBARA SHIPMAN ROBERTON, MARY REID IRWIN, ANNE LUCAS SUCHE, ANDREA RUTHERFORD BURGESS, and RENÉE PERRAULT BENN. They report that house, families, and/or jobs keep them far too busy to allow anything "unusual" or "outstanding." BARBARA DRUMMOND BRODEUR recently moved to Toronto, but she returns from time to time to see her friends and family.

CYNTHIA MOLSON BAXTER, now combining housewifery with English studies at McGill, has one adventure to tell of—a week's visit to Czechoslovakia, where her husband was researching some articles last September. It was a fascinating experience but a depressing one, and she was happy to leave the Iron Curtain behind to re-discover in Vienna the bustling warmth and charm of Europe. A distinguished career in ophthalmics, at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore and the Montreal General Hospital, followed MARGARET OGILVIE's studies in Switzerland. Her newest interest is the flute. She is working hard to master that instrument, and for the sake of family and neighbours we hope she soon does. MAY (Vicky) GILBEY, now dietician in charge of Eaton's culinary department, will become Mrs. K. G. Copland on May 7, and plans to continue to live in Montreal.

Back in Hamilton, after some years in Montreal, MARY GILMOUR continues to win high honours and positions in the nursing profession. NAN, also at home, has become an expert photographer, while at the same time rising in the ranks of Junior League officialdom to become Provisional chairman. She and MARY have somehow also found time to travel widely—twice on long trips to Europe, to the Virgin Islands, and this year to Sun Valley, Idaho, for some fabulous skiing.

Somewhere in France NEVILLE ROBINSON CARASSO is an army wife. After a spell in Ottawa as parliamentary translator, her husband, Georges, was called up for national service. They sailed at the end of February, NEVILLE having to abandon the teaching and tutoring of French she had loved. NEVILLE is now equally at home in Geneva, Paris, and Ottawa, and she is bringing up one year-old Jean Christophe to be the same. While in

Ottawa, NEVILLE had her portrait painted by SUSAN MINNES, back at last from studying art in Italy. The Post Office reports SUE's old home demolished, but apparently her art is flourishing, for she has received many commissions.

Another exciting success story in JANE TOWNSEND'S. JANE started working as a histological technician for the Anatomy Department of Guy's Hospital Medical School in October 1956. Two years later she became research assistant to one of the professors and has since then been working on the problems of the healing of wounds—specifically, "quantitative and qualitative studies of the healing of immobile skin." This February JANE lectured on her work to the Anatomical Society of Great Britain and Ireland. She hopes the results of all this research will be published in June. Also, JANE adores her life in London. She has been able to travel frequently, and she does not seem to have missed a single exciting, entertaining, or interesting event in England. She hopes to visit Montreal again in the autumn; and we hope to see her then.

MYRNE HARRIS is married to Chris Hart and they are living in Vancouver; they have recently spent two weeks in Hawaii. ANNE THORNTON TUCKER went to Endicott Junior College in Massachusetts, and then worked in a New Jersey State Mental Hospital as an occupational therapist. She married Thomas T. Tucker in May 1957; they have one little boy and live on Long Island.

Of the following there is no direct news: HEATHER ROGERS, married to John Sutherland, is living in Ottawa. ANN HENDERSON, married to Tom Wood who teaches at Sedburgh School, has two children. HEATHER ALLAN married Kent Barber, M.D., and is living in Rochester, Minnesota. PEGGY ROSS is married and living in Toronto. After Compton, SIRI STROM studied in Norway but there is no recent news. RAQUEL CHONCHOL is married and presumably in South America. ANN ENGLISH married Anthony Anable Jr. and last heard from was living in New Hampshire with two children. ISABEL FITZGERALD was and probably still is a nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital. JEAN CHAPLIN is at the Montreal General Hospital. Nobody has heard from MARYEL RAMSAY.

CYNTHIA MOLSON BAXTER.

CLASS OF '53

Of twenty-four girls, twelve are married—nine are wives with ten future K.H.C., B.C.S. students, three are recent brides; CAROL EATON FORTIER is living in Oxford while her Rhodes scholar husband is reading law; graduate nurse DOROTHY JOHNSTONE FINDLAY is living in Moncton, and FIONA BOGERT McKIM in Nobel.

GEORGIE HEBDEN SIMMONS invites us all to visit "the loveliest Island in the World" and speaks enthusiastically of Canadian-Jamaican relations. LEAFY GARLAND is always being sent to Toronto to teach men how to run IBM machines, and JOAN SHEARD tells me that she had language problems in Turkey but on the whole found that Mademoiselle's French will get you through Europe! By the sounds of MARYAN KING, I don't see why she doesn't write a travelogue on Europe; right now she is living in London. Likewise MARY ANN CODE has done extensive touring since graduating from Vassar. Now back in Toronto she is a case worker for a family counselling agency. PENNY PASMORE is back in Montreal after attending drama school and doing varied bits of T.V. and stage work for three years in London.

I wish I could print PAULINE REED's letter. She was elected to represent the Dominion Girls' Auxiliary of the Anglican Church at conferences in Britain. Then with her B.A. from Bishop's and a year of teaching at Elmwood behind her, she received her Master of Social Work, heading her class with three scholarships and writing the best thesis, "A Study of the Relation between Ego-Need and Parental Attitudes in a Sample of Alcoholics." Now she is working full time at the Children's Aid Society in Toronto. Well done Pauline!

PENNY PASMORE.

SPECIAL REPORT FROM THE CLASS OF '54

BARBARA GIBAUT—Compton, 1954, is engaged in Youth Work. Barbara admits having fallen into this absorbing occupation virtually by chance. Having spent a summer as a camp counsellor, she decided that working with adolescents was a most rewarding experience. Her interest was shared by Mrs. Carrington, wife of the Archbishop of Quebec, who arranged for Barbara to take a six months training course in England. Barbara jumped at the opportunity, and left in September to study with the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. She attended courses in Psychology and Public Speaking at London University. Barbara also had classes in folk dancing, music, handicrafts,

and various other activities which make up a Youth Club programme. In addition, she completed the George VI Correspondence Course in Youth Club methods and organization. The remainder of Barbara's time was spent in observing Youth Groups in the rural areas.

Barbara reports that Canadian youth work is fundamentally similar to that done in Britain. On both sides of the Atlantic, the goal is to encourage young people to make better use of their free time and teach them to accept responsibility in their service to the community and the Church in order that they may mature to become good Christian Citizens. Organized group activities both indoors and out are the means by which youngsters are educated to the social attitudes of sympathy, kindness and brotherly love.

Barbara is presently in Toronto completing her training. She hopes to work in a diocese somewhere in Canada organizing group activities.

Barbara states that "Youth Work is hard work," but a vocation rich in the satisfaction of a personal contribution.

MARY HOLT REID.

CLASS OF '55

April 1960.

DEIRDRE ALLAN—Is a student nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital. She will be graduating September 1960.

SUSAN CUTHBERTSON—Graduated from the Montreal General Hospital, October 1959. She is planning to work in the Psychiatric Department at the General Hospital.

BARBARA JANE NEWELL—Graduated from the Montreal General Hospital, September 1959. Married to John Austin, December 4th, 1959. She is living in Toronto and working part time at a private psychiatric Hospital.

WENDY JOHNSTON—Graduated from Queen's University Arts, 1959. She worked in Montreal for a few months modelling. Presently she is travelling in Europe.

SHEILA WILLIAMS—took a Business Course in Shawinigan and is now working for a pediatrician, Dr. McDermott. Planning to spend the summer travelling in Europe.

JOANNE DICK—Majoring in Sociology at the University of Toronto.

DI SMITH—Graduating from University of Toronto this spring. Engaged.

JILL WOODS—Working in Ottawa, engaged to Don. Garbel.

CAROL CHADWICK—Spent one year at University in the States. Has been married for 3 years to R.

PIERSON. Has two daughters. Is living in Essex, Connecticut.

ANN RAWLINGS—Graduated from Radcliffe 1959. Working in Montreal, planning to go to Europe in the near future.

TONI MITCHELL—Graduating from Bishop's University this spring.

VICKY NESBITT—Graduating from McGill this spring.

RAE MACCULLOCH—Graduating from McGill this spring.

JEAN MILWARD—Graduated from Queen's University, 1959.

MARGOT WATIER—Graduated from McGill last spring.

MARY LOUISE MUELLER—McGill for 2 years. Working in Montreal.

NANCY PALMER—Living in Quebec, worked for Donnacona for a while. Looking after her mother at the moment.

HELEN TUCKER—Graduated from McGill in 1959. She worked as a secretary for Readers Digest for several months. Presently she is travelling around Europe.

NANCY MILLEN—Spent 2 years studying at the Beaux Arts, and 1 year at Parsons in New York City. Has been working as a free lance artist since September in Montreal.

JUDY ST. GEORGE—Spent one year at Brown's Commercial College. Married to Geoffrey Hogwood.

DI DANIELS—Went to the Mother House, after Compton. Has been working in the E.E.G. Department (Electrocardiogram) at the General for about two years.

Class of '56

Apt. 73
1900 Lincoln Avenue
Montreal, P.Q.
March 4, 1960

The Editor

Special Section K.H. Magazine

Dear Editor:

I renounce all responsibility for any false or incriminating information contained herein. I, having until very recently, been aestivating in the glories of the sub-tropics, have lost contact with more of the 1956 graduates than I wish to admit, with the exception of the annual barrage of Christmas cards, which has diminished yearly, and which, at best, provides little more information than recent addresses. Therefore, most of my information

has been gleaned from numerous telephone conversations with the Montreal domiciles, from various rumours, or from the proverbial, but nevertheless, unreliable grapevine.

Any number of people have decided to take the 'big step' this year, and are, I should imagine, dutifully listed in the back of our Magazine: BEACHY (Sandy) BOGART will be married in June, to the Montreal chap we all heard so much about at Compton, but plans to continue her valuable teaching career, nevertheless; BABIE FELLOWES deserted Montreal for what was supposed to be a year of studying art in London, but found the further fields far from greener, and returned after a couple of months to announce her engagement. BARB OLIPHANT has also become engaged, and is hoping to graduate from McGill this year.

Marriages have been rampant: JULIANA (ex-DeKuyper) was one of the first to go, and now has a young son, which won't do Compton much good; she is living in Montreal with her family; JILL (ex-Pacaud) is also married, living in this vicinity, and has a daughter. I understand Sue (ex-Ward) is married, and residing somewhere in the U.S.; CLAIR (ex-Hudson) is married to the army, which carries her hither and yon, but nobody seems to be able to ascertain exactly where she is at the moment; SHIRLEY (ex-Eakin) is married, living in Montreal, and awaiting her first baby.

Several people are continuing to further their educations: SUE BLAYLOCK at McGill; BARB KERR at the University of Toronto, we think; and EVE SMITH in Halifax. SUE KILGOUR, I hear, is doing very well with the writing career she started at Compton; I believe she's written a couple of successful plays; JUDY MACDONALD, has also done some travelling in the 'Old Country' between times; GAEL EAKIN returned from her year in Paris, and is presently at McGill, where she is putting her talents to use in their Annual, artwise, and also, along with MARION MACDOUGAL, deserves congratulations for making the McGill ski-team. MARION was one of the Carnival Princesses last year, which is noteworthy; SUE THROSBY left Retailing to come to Montreal, and is presently taking nursing at the Royal Vic.

I know that SUE SCHNEIDER and LUCIANNA WAGNER are in the U.S., somewhere, doing something, but that's about all I know. Believe PENNY PARSONS is in New York, an interior decorator career girl. ROBIN FITZGERALD is supposedly earning a living, as a secretary, in Montreal. JANE DOUGLAS-LANE has completed her nursing training, and is working with radiology.

JUDY MCCOLM, I know, is stewardessing, but I'm at a loss as to which airline. At the moment, I believe, her air travels are somewhat restricted, but as her experience and time as a stewardess increase, her flying routes will probably include divers interesting places.

BRENDA KEDDIE has done a little 'globe trotting,' Europe, Mexico, and hopes when, and if, she graduates from McGill this year, to return to England for perhaps six months of travel, and then a spell of work in London.

PAT JACKSON has gone much further afield in her pursuit of learning. She is presently attempting to earn her nursing degree at the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, Scotland. She's been over there for some time now, and I don't know if she's harbouring any plans of returning to Canada in the near, or distant future. From all I gather, she's working very hard, but managing to have a little fun, and enjoying life in the British Isles.

MIKA IGNATIEFF, who also hopes to graduate from McGill this year, will be rejoining her family in Rome, after a stop-over in London, and a short sojourn in England. If anyone wants a first hand report of the summer Olympics, MIKA will be the best bet. She'll be in Italy for an undetermined period, doing, even she knows not what, and as far as she can predict, will be staying over on that side of the world for a spell, using further studying, work, or some other equally unpalatable alibi as her excuse. Come fall, 1960, she may be located in London, but only time will tell.

TERRI ABBOTT, after eighteen months at home in Bermuda, pretending to work in the tourist racket as a secretary, clad in Bda. shorts, and soaking up the sun, seems to have embarked on a 'work yourself around the world' career, and spent a little time in the West Indies, and is presently enjoying a pleasant working interlude in Montreal, with England as the next probable destination. From there her plans are very indefinite, but home seems a very inviting prospect at this point.

SANDY STEWART has, unquestionably, led a more colourful life than the rest of our entire class combined. She first went to Paris on holiday, and to do a little studying. The talent scouts who swarm the streets of Paris couldn't possibly overlook her, she had a few photo tests taken as a model, and did so well, that she suddenly found herself to be one of the top models in Paris. In a natural sequence of events, she found herself before bigger and better cameras, doing screen tests, which were more successful than the normal

person's wildest dreams. Her career has progressed rapidly ever since—first she was acting in French films, as well as in an occasional Italian and Spanish film, and now she has graduated to Hollywood, and Warner Brothers has signed her up. At the moment she is deep in the heart of Africa, acting in this, her first English film, and from all reports, she is doing very well as Mrs. Tarzan, in a new Tarzan film.

Sincerely,

TERRI ABBOTT.

CLASS OF '57

Following graduation, there was a tendency for members of the '57 class to travel to widely separated parts of the world, but in recent months, this trend seems to have changed and more and more girls are taking up residence in Montreal.

LUCY DOUCET, DI FOWLER, BAMBI REEVES, ANN BIELER, SUE CASSELS and ANNE HOLTON all spent some time in Europe. LUCY attended the University of Grenoble in France and during the holidays took an exciting trip to Morocco to visit a family whom she had met in Paris. Both LUCY and DI are studying languages at McGill. BAMBI worked in Montreal for a few months and is now back at home in Bath, Ont. ANN BIELER is working with the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Company in Quebec City. SUE is studying for a Bachelor of Arts degree at Trinity College in Toronto. ANNE HOLTON is teaching the young fry at Hillfield School on the outskirts of Hamilton, Ont.

Two girls of the '57 class are married. HARRIET SCHNEIDER, now Mrs. Marco S. Zubar, has settled in Philadelphia and is working at the Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives. HEATHER MORRIS, now Mrs. Callill, has just recently moved to Montreal. ANN IDDON and IRMA SCHIESS are both engaged to be married in the summer.

JANET MARTIN, LALLY KENNEDY, TONI NEWMAN and JUDY ROBB are studying their way through McGill for a B.A. degree. JANET was chosen to be a Carnival Princess at McGill as was SUZANNE MEAGHER at Bishop's where she is working towards a Bachelor of Science degree.

TONY TAYLOR is working at the Royal Victoria Hospital in the Cancer Research Dept., and FLORA CHURCH is working as a receptionist at Max Sauer, a photography studio.

LYNNE FRANCIS and LIZ NAPIER are both student nurses—LYNNE at the M.G.H. and LIZ at the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto.

JANE CUSHING and LINDA GRIER both took commercial courses last year. JANE is now working

with the Aluminum Company in Montreal and LINDA is working in Ottawa.

JUDY PERRON is taking a commercial course at Miss Brown's, and last year she attended the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence. SUE BLACKBURN is also taking a commercial course in London, Ont. She spent a fascinating holiday this past summer in Kenya, Africa—even to the extent of having a deadly Boa Constrictor wrapped around her neck!

JUDY PERRON.

CLASS OF '58

The class of '58, always **studiously** inclined, boasts twelve members at University, but only three of these have ventured outside Canada. SANDY ROBERTSON is at George Washington University, but as a partial student since modelling takes up much of her time. CYNNE HUTCHINS, after a year in Florence, is working hard at Radcliffe, although she found time to come out at St. Andrew's Ball in Montreal. ANN DOWIE is studying at Oxford, after a gay year in Europe. ELIZABETH ANGUS and JANE MITCHELL are continuing at Sir George William's and Bishop's University respectively. LIBBY WALLACE, presently in her second year at McGill, was joined last fall by DI MACDOUGALL, who spent a year in Florence, and by BEV ROONEY, who also went abroad after they graduated. HEATHER MACLAREN, HEATHER DEWAR, CATHY HARVIE and WENDY MACLAREN have had their plans to tour Europe on motor scooters strengthened by two years of Royal Victoria College restrictions.

PAT ARCHIBALD and MARY JANE THOMPSON are both in nursing—ADIE CASSILS is still debating whether or not to join them.

HONORE MACDOUGALL has just arrived back in Montreal after a very enjoyable two years in Europe, and ANN SISE has spent the winter teaching skiing at the school in Switzerland where she studied the year before. Unlike Honore, ANN was not abroad continually but spent the fall of '59 debbing in Montreal. Unfortunately no news of CINNY BAILEY has seeped over from Ireland and we hope she has not been lost in a peat bog.

PAT MCFETRICK, BRENDA CUTHBERTSON and JOANNE MILLAR spent their first year out of Compton at Sir George William's, but found that continuing their studies was not the greatest, so now PAT is slaving at the Mother House, and BRENDA is also taking typing. The Millars have recently moved to Belvedere Crescent and we have no news of JOANNE's future plans.

ALISON BEATTIE works night and day at l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, and is occasionally seen lugging large sculptures along Sherbrooke Street.

Career girls are all right, but GILL BASTIEN, despite a promising future in track, was the first to give it all up for marriage, and now Mr. and Mrs. Dick Harding are the proud parents of one month old Beverley Gillian. SUSAN CARLING, Western's most popular cheerleaderette last year, is now engaged to John Basset and will be married this May. Engaged, during her Matric. year, ELISE MENASCHE is working for the Shell Oil Company in South America.

CLASS OF '59

"On Entering the Big Wide World"

Out into the world went the class of '59

Our accomplishments are few as we've just begun our climb.

Some are scattered about the globe in areas well known,

While others preferred to study in places close to home.

Here is a brief report that K.H.C. should hear

How we the girls of '59 have spent this exciting year.

DI HORNIG and BARB MURRAY are attending Skidmore and Ryder College in the U.S.A. ANN TAYLOR is attending MacDonald Hall, Guelph, to finish her Home Economics course. CINDY LYMAN, WENDY WHITEHEAD and RUTH PEVERLEY are studying at various secretarial schools and will be entering the business world in June. LYN CARTER, anxious to spend a year abroad, is majoring in English and French at Trinity College, Dublin. PAM WRIGHT and LORNA MURRAY, both with a love for the Maritimes, are having a very gay year at Mount Allison University in New Brunswick. "Les jeunes filles françaises" of the class, KATE REID, JANET TAYLOR and ROSEMARY CHRISTENSEN, are perfecting their French in Paris. Those devoted to the Eastern Townships, JUDY BIGNELL and SUE HANSON, are at Bishop's University. JAMEY TROOP and BONNIE PENHALE, having studied French and Spanish at school, are in Florence learning Italian. PENNY THROSBY and HELEN GIBB-CARSLEY have just "received their caps" at the Montreal General Hospital. NANCY GLASS, LIZ PRICE, SUE HARSHAW and DAPHNE DUNCANSON could not resist the charm of Suisse and we hear that they are having such a "whirl with the skiing and Europe itself!!!" JUDY HINGSTON, SHIRLEY MORRIS, JOAN CORDEAU, JOAN WRIGHT, ELAINE AUDET and BEV SHANNON can

be seen with books (?) wandering about the McGill campus still a little bewildered. GALE DAVIS, when last heard of, had arrived in Greenwich Village and was taking a course in painting and sculpture at the Pratt Institute. DIXI LAMBERT had a desire to become bilingual and is taking her first year university in French at Collège Marie de France in Montreal.

We send our Congratulations to Miss Gillard on the occasion of her thirtieth anniversary at King's Hall and we thank her for helping us realize the importance of having a goal in life and teaching us a true sense of values.

DIXI LAMBERT.

Exchanges

LEEDS GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL: Leeds, England.
 ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's Aurora, Ont.
 EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
 LUDEMUS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
 BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
 LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, P.Q.
 THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, P.Q.
 THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
 THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE PIBROCH: Strathallen School, Hamilton, Ont.
 THE MITRE: University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
 TECHNICAL COLLEGE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.
 SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
 INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
 THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
 THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
 THE GROVE CHRONICAL: Lakefield, Ont.
 THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
 THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
 THE CHRONICAL: The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
 THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.
 THE BOAR: Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ont.
 TRAFALGAR ECHOES: Trafalgar School, Montreal, P.Q.
 BLUE AND WHITE: Walkerville Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.

Staff Directory

Miss Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
 Mlle. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
 Miss M. Cameron, 23 Wilton Crescent, Ottawa, Ont.
 Miss M. Dexter, Milton, Queen's County, N.S.
 Mrs. L. Doering, 632 Weynway Court, Oakville, Ont.
 Miss C. Dostie, Marymount College, Ste. Foye, P.Q.
 Mrs. G. Elliott, Box 73, Sawyerville, P.Q.
 Miss G. Evans, Whittlewood Farm, Sawyerville, P.Q.
 Miss M. Fogo, 127 Watling St., Gillingham, Kent, England.
 Miss Dorothy Hewson, P.O. Box 400, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 Miss H. Jenkins, "Littlewood," Keppoch, P.E.I.
 Miss V. Keith, Havelock, N.B.

Miss G. Keyzer, 71 Thomas Rd., Swampscott, Mass. U.S.A.
 Mde. S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
 Miss S. Limb, 11 Beeston Fields Dr., Beeston, Nottingham, England.
 Miss A. Macdonald, Port Hastings, Cape Breton, N.S.
 Miss F. MacLennan, 3 Dalhousie St., Halifax, N.S.
 Miss M. Morris, Box 332, Grimbsy, Ont.
 Miss J. Ramsey, 329 George St., Fredericton, N.B.
 Miss D. Roscoe, 20 Roman Way, Thatcham, Newbury, Berkshire, England.
 Miss D. Wallace, Box 41, Warden, P.Q.
 Mrs. E. Yarril, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Autographs

Freedom of the Press

What precisely is meant by that familiar phrase, 'freedom of the press'?

Fundamentally it is not a special privilege reserved for newspaper publishers. It is rather a phase of a much larger freedom—the freedom of all men to speak their minds openly and without fear. The press claims no right which should not belong to every citizen in a democracy, but freedom of the press is an all-important part of this larger freedom; because, under modern conditions, the press is the principal agency by which the ordinary man receives the information he needs to judge the actions of his rulers and make up his mind on public issues. Without newspapers, or with only gagged and blindfolded ones, he is in the dark, and helpless. An unfettered press is therefore one of the essential bulwarks of a democratic world.

If any proof be needed, it is provided by the record of the Fascist and Nazi dictatorships. Rigid control of all sources of public information, and especially of newspapers, was the corner-stone upon which those regimes were founded. Without it, they could never have held power. With it, they could do as they pleased, to the eventual ruin of their own peoples as well as much of the rest of the world.

This disastrous chapter of history should provide a warning against any attempt, by governments or by private interests, to restrict the essential freedom of the press. A free people must stand on guard not only against direct censorship, but also against more insidious encroachments. Nominal freedom is not enough. The only truly free press is one which can record the news faithfully and comment on it frankly, without fear of direct or indirect punishment. Neither the press nor the public is safe with anything less than this.

All liberty, of course, involves obligations. The obligation of a free press is to be truly free. It must be thorough, accurate and unbiased in its reporting, sincere and thoughtful in its editorials, and resistant to all outside pressure. It must be both cautious and bold—cautious until it knows all the facts, bold when it is sure of its ground. It must, above all, be inspired by devotion to the public welfare as its staff understands it.

Such a newspaper is worthy of the privileges which the English-speaking peoples have traditionally granted to their press. Such a newspaper is also the best guardian of the liberties of the people.

The St. Catharines Standard
ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

School Directory

- C. Angus, Main Rd., Hudson Heights, P.Q.
 G. Angus, 699 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 J. Archer, 1450 Richelieu Rd., Richelieu, P.Q.
 S. Archibald, 435 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 C. Ayers, 4300 Western Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 P. Ayre, 26 King's Bridge Rd., St. John's, Nfld.
 B. Baker, 198 Dufferin Rd., Hampstead, P.Q.
 P. Balloch, "Hookers," Cobb Lane, Corner Brook, Nfld.
 B. Barrett, Victoria Park, Galt, Ont.
 J. Beattie, "Ledard," Fort Chambly, P.Q.
 G. Bell, 90 Markland St., Hamilton, Ont.
 B. Bernier, Wendybrook Farms, Sweetburg, P.Q.
 F. Bieler, 2151 Brulart, Sillery, P.Q.
 D. Bignell, 65 St. Ann St., Quebec City, P.Q.
 E. Black, P.O. Box 185, St. John's, P.Q.
 C. Bower, 215 Park Blvd., Winnipeg, Man.
 S. Brainerd, 18 Richelieu Place, Montreal 25, P.Q.
 E. Brown, St. George's Rectory, Drummondville, P.Q.
 F. Buchanan, 165 Fourth Ave., Grand'mère, P.Q.
 F. Budden, 238 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
 J. Burgoyne, 59 Yates Street, St. Catharines, Ont.
 P. Butterfield, Palm Ridge, Pembroke, Bermuda.
 J. Byers, 18 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 M. Cape, 9045 Gouin Blvd., Saraguay, P.O., P.Q.
 R. Caridi, Apartado Aéreo 110, Barranquilla, Col., S.A.
 M. Cassils, R.R. 1, St. Sauveur des Monts, P.Q.
 J. Castonguay, 202 Cloverdale Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 J. Clarke, 637 Craig Street West, Montreal, P.Q.
 A. Connacher, 250 Dromore Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
 E. Cook, 36 Forest Road, St. John's, Nfld.
 P. Cooney, 206 Sheraton Drive, Montreal West, P.Q.
 B. Cordeau, 4754 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.
 J. Corry, 44 Kensington Ave., Kingston, Ont.
 L. Cowans, 23 Roselawn Crescent, Montreal 16, P.Q.
 M. Cowie, 2 Maple Ave., Beaupré, P.Q.
 B. Cox, R.R. 1, Box 208, Hudson Heights, P.Q.
 S. Cross, 38 Golf Ave., Pointe Claire, P.Q.
 G. deKuyper, 591 Argyle Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 C. Dewar, 30 Dunn St. South, Oakville, Ont.
 N. Druce, Glen Harbour, R.R. 3, Magog, P.Q.
 V. Druce, Glen Harbour, R.R. 3, Magog, P.Q.
 H. Dupont, 766 Upper Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 A. Evans, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 S. Finch, P.O. Box 239, Clarkson, Ont.
 L. Fraser, 71 Champlain St., Baie Comeau, P.Q.
 E. Franklin, The Rectory, Kenogami, P.Q.
 S. Frost, 225 Cadillac Ave., Beaconsfield, P.Q.
 D. Gale, c/o Sproston's Const. Mackenzie, British Guiana.
 J. Giles, 229 Second St. East, Cornwall, Ont.
 D. Glass, "Plantations," Lennoxville, P.Q.
 M. Glen, 20122 Lakeshore Rd., Baie D'Urfé, P.Q.
 A. Gordon, 144 Broadview Ave., Valois, Montreal 33, P.Q.
 C. Gordon, 61 Chestnut Park, Toronto, Ont.
 D. Gordon, 61 Chestnut Park, Toronto, Ont.
 S. Gordon, 711 Fern Dell Drive, Elmira, New York, U.S.A.
 H. Grant, 17 Robie Street, Halifax, N.S.
 J. Hamilton, P.O. Box 1088, Baie Comeau, P.Q.
 E. Hampson, 16 Strathcona Drive, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 H. Hand, "Thru-the-Land," Pembroke, Bermuda.
 A. Harrison, 1841 Rue. St. Michel, Quebec 6, P.Q.
 H. Haslam, Cobblestone Farm, Lake Moraine Road, Hamilton, New York, U.S.A.
 D. Hornig, R.R. 1, Bolton Centre, P.Q.
 J. House, 19 Cobb Lane, Corner Brook, Nfld.
 J. Howard, 342 Kenaston, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 A. Jellicoe, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 K. Kingston, 25 Fordon Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 C. Lawson, 300 Acacia Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 J. Leslie, 9 Bellevue Ave., Halifax, N.S.
 B. Little, 266 MacLaren St., Ottawa, Ont.
 C. Lumiere, "Ciboney" Ocho Rios, Jamaica, B.W.I.
 K. MacCulloch, Box 283, Bedford, N.S.
 A. MacDonald, 28 Senneville Rd., Senneville, P.Q.
 N. MacDonald, 28 Senneville Rd., Senneville, P.Q.
 J. MacDougald, c/o U.N.M.O.G. (I.P.), Faridkot House, Lytton Road, New Delhi, India.
 K. MacKay, c/o Creole Petroleum Co., Aptdo 234 Caripito, Monagas, Venezuela, S.A.
 G. MacLaren, "Fernwood", Franklyn St., Halifax, N.S.
 E. Macnaughton, 7 Redpath Row, Montreal, P.Q.
 W. Magee, 432 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 M. Marston, 490 Dufferin Ave., Sherbrooke, P.Q.
 C. Massey, 74 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 D. McLernon, 57 Thurlow Rd., Hampstead, P.Q.
 J. McMaster, 3141 Daulac Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.
 S. McMaster, 3141 Daulac Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.
 M. McMurrich, 340 James St. S., Hamilton, Ont.
 M. Meagher, 44 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 P. McLean, 27 Rosemount Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 A. Miller, 4 Islemere Gardens, Ste. Dorothee, P.Q.
 M. Molson, Stanstead College, Stanstead, P.Q.
 V. Morris, 4438 Oxford St., Montreal 28, P.Q.
 A. Newman, 3302 Cedar Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 D. Newman, 3302 Cedar Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 N. Nichol, 2191 Sunset Rd., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 V. Nichols, 1027 Prospect Ave., Calgary, Alta.
 S. Norcross, Rockcliffe Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 S. O'Brien, 17 Grove Park, Westmount, P.Q.
 E. Oliver, "Bencoolen," Lodge Hill, St. Michael, Barbados, B.W.I.
 J. Oughtred, 1178 Coleraine Ave., Thetford Mines, P.Q.
 M. Pacaud, Spring Hill Road, Magog, P.Q.
 A. Palk, 107 Park Blvd., Winnipeg, Man.
 J. Patton, 88 Church Hill, Westmount, P.Q.
 L. Peck, 575 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 K. Plow, Government House, Halifax, N.S.
 V. Price, 2099 Mayne Ave., Victoria, B.C.
 B. Punnett, Peniston Estate, St. Vincent, B.W.I.
 J. Punnett, Peniston Estate, St. Vincent, B.W.I.
 R. Punnett, Peniston Estate, St. Vincent, B.W.I.
 D. Rankin, P.O. Box 218, Drummondville, P.Q.
 V. Rankin, P.O. Box 218, Drummondville, P.Q.
 F. Rinfret, 1610 Caledonia Road, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 A. Ritchie, 158 Warren Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 B. Romano, P.O. Box 283, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.
 A. Ross, 1241 DeLaune Ave., Quebec City, P.Q.
 B. Ross, 3460 Simpson St., Montreal, P.Q.
 S. Ross, 3460 Simpson St., Montreal, P.Q.
 G. Rowan-Legg, 30 Ivanhoe St., Halifax, N.S.
 C. Salmon, P.O. Box 164, Nassau, Bahamas.
 S. Salmond, 330 43rd Ave., Lachine, P.Q.
 B. Savage, 4309 Montrose Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 T. Sharp, 66 Fordon Crescent, Westmount, P.Q.
 J. Simms, 32 River Road, P.O. 388, Grand'mère, P.Q.
 A. Smith, "El Zompopero," 7a Calle y 36 Ave. Zona 11, Guatemala City, Guatemala, C.A.
 C. Sonne, 63 Balfour Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 G. Stainforth, c/o Creole Petroleum Corp., Grupo de Exploracion Aptdo. 172, Maracaibo, Edo. Zulia, Venezuela, S.A.
 R. Starke, Cap Chat, Gaspé Co., P.Q.
 C. Stevens, 4006 Marlowe Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
 D. Stewart, 164 Lakeshore Rd., Pointe Claire, P.Q.
 D. Stewart, 164 Lakeshore Rd., Pointe Claire, P.Q.
 V. Stewart, 164 Lakeshore Rd., Pointe Claire, P.Q.
 A. Stikeman, 48 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 E. Stikeman, 48 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 J. Stocker, 777 Charlotte St., Fredericton, N.B.
 P. Sturgeon, 70 Enisclore Drive, Oakville, Ont.
 E. Taylor, 70 Downs St., Lennoxville, Que.
 S. Taylor, 134 Dunvegan Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 M. Thomson, 24 School St., Waterdown, Ont.
 D. Trudeau, Snowball Hill, Trudeau, New York, U.S.A.
 E. Vaughan, 35 Donswood Drive, Toronto, Ont.
 M. Vickers, 3460 Simpson St., Montreal, P.Q.
 J. Westwater, 14 Willow Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 M. White, 480 Cloverdale Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 S. White, 4870 Cote des Neiges Rd., No. 501, Montreal, P.Q.
 J. Wightman, 16 Campbell Ave., Montreal West, P.Q.
 D. Wilson, 71 Westgate, Winnipeg, Man.
 C. Wooton, Ouro Preto, Minas Gerais, Brazil, S.A.
 A. Wright, 235 Hemlock Rd. Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 L. Wright, 1 Belvedere Crescent, Ottawa, Ont.



A smart fisherman is careful with fire.
When he lights up in a safe spot beside
a fishing hole he breaks the match to be
sure it's out.

NEWFOUNDLAND FOREST PROTECTION ASSOCIATION

Compliments of

A FRIEND



After high school ... what career?

Retailing offers unusual opportunities,
wide variety of positions to the
young and ambitious. Morgan's offers
wonderful scope to prove your
ability in this field, and invites
applications from graduates.

HENRY MORGAN & CO. LIMITED
CANADA'S QUALITY DEPARTMENT STORE — CALL VI. 2-6261

Canada's finest specialty shops
for fashionable apparel and
Accessories at moderate prices

- Blouses
- Sweaters
- Hosiery
- Handbags

- Skirts
- Lingerie
- Gloves
- Sportswear

Evangeline

EIGHT SHOPS IN TORONTO

OTTAWA
BARRIE
GUELPH

BROCKVILLE
KINGSTON
MERRITTON

PETERBOROUGH
ST. CATHARINES
LONDON

COMPLIMENTS OF

Allatt's
BAKERY

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC

*Compliments
and Best Wishes*

THE TELEGRAM

TORONTO, ONTARIO

SHERBROOKE DAILY RECORD

SHERBROOKE, P.Q.



*Dost thou love life:
Then do not squander time,
for that is the stuff life
is made of.*

Benjamin Franklin

Poor Richard's Almanack

The life of Benjamin Franklin illustrates the truth of his own words, for though this marks the 254th, anniversary of his birth, Franklin's remarkable achievements continue to influence the daily lives of many Canadians. He was responsible for the establishment of The Montreal Gazette in 1778, thereby creating a tradition that still lives as part of the very fabric of its community and country.

The Gazette

MONTREAL — ESTABLISHED 1778
Canada's Best Newspaper

*The Gazette awards the annual
High School All-Star Football
and Hockey Trophies*

Investigate the
INCOME TAX ADVANTAGES
available to Shareholders
of

EXECUTIVE FUND OF CANADA

Victor 2-4871

H. C. FLOOD & CO. LIMITED

620 ST. JAMES STREET WEST
MONTREAL, QUE.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Chez Yvette
CORSET AND
WOOL SHOP

CORSET AND
WOOL SHOP



16 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
SHERBROOKE, QUE.



Queen's University

at KINGSTON
ONTARIO

Incorporated by Royal Charter 1841

- Faculty of Arts and Science
- Faculty of Medicine
- Faculty of Applied Science
- Faculty of Law
- School of Commerce and
Business Administration
- School of Nursing

Combined Courses in Arts and Physical
and Health Education

Graduate Courses in Arts and Science,
Applied Science and Medicine

Write to the Registrar
For Entrance and Matriculation
Scholarships Bulletin

*If poetry to you is a bore
To me it is a chore
But to all the grads of this year
Health, wealth, happiness
and good cheer*



For health, energy and
real enjoyment, choose
one of BRYANT'S
10 Delicious
Pure Fruit Flavours

7 oz. or 30 oz. sizes



Produced in one of
the most up-to-date
plants in the country

Quality since 1896



Compliments
of
THE STANDARD LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office:
1245 Sherbrooke Street
MONTREAL, QUE.

Canada's First . . . since 1833

COMPLIMENTS OF

North Hatley
Ski Lift Co.
Ltd.

Telephone: VI 2-2332

NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

With the
Compliments
of
A Friend





BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

A Residential University

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE
AND DIVINITY

Honours and Pass Courses are provided for the following degrees:

Arts — Science — Business Administration

Post-Graduate work is provided for:

Master of Arts—M.A. Master of Education—M.Ed.

Licentiate in Sacred Theology (L.S.T.)

High School Teachers Certificate

VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES

*For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements,
courses and fees, apply:*

THE REGISTRAR

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Only GUATEMALA COFFEE

is worthy of your pot

Then make it fresh, strong and hot.

FINCA MOCCA

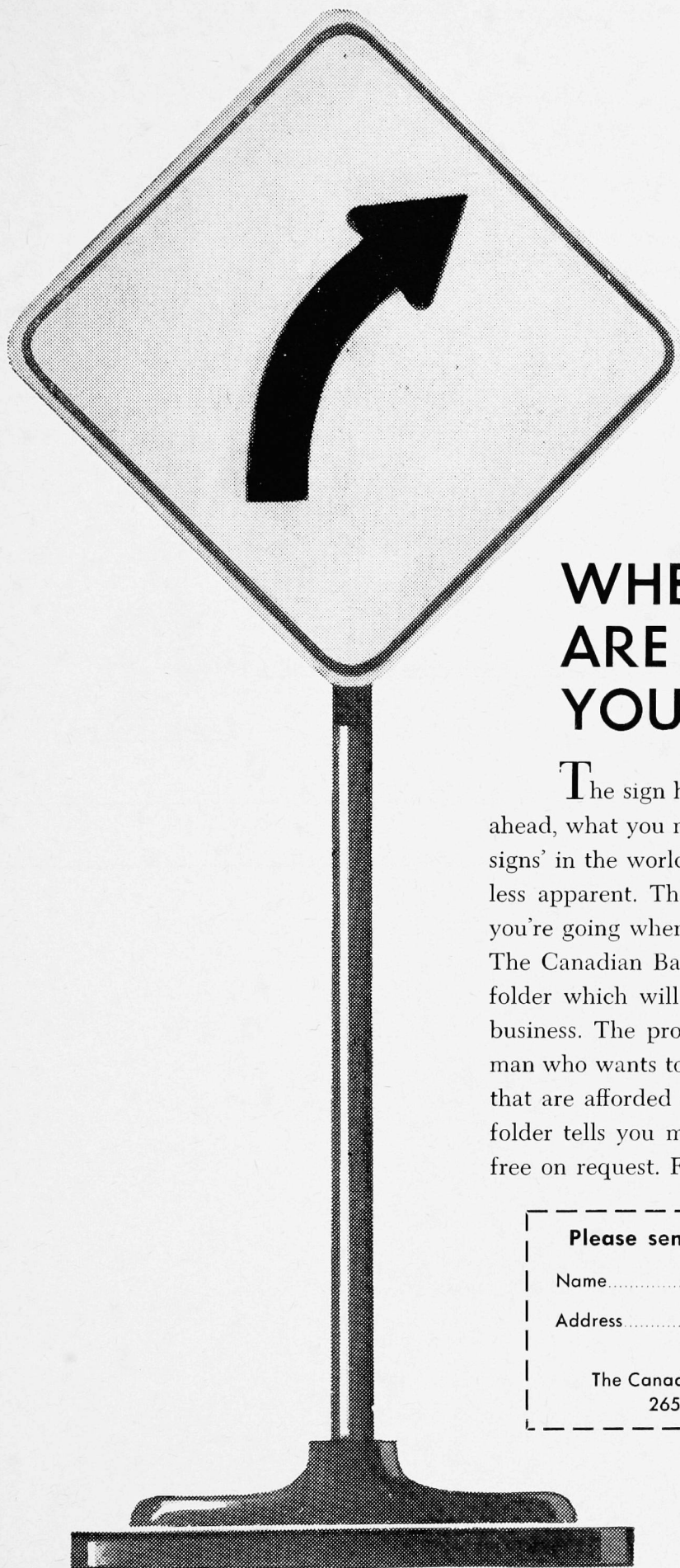
La Tinta, A.V.

Guatemala

Compliments of

MacCulloch & Co. Limited

HALIFAX, N.S.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

The sign helps you steer a course, tells you what lies ahead, what you must do to reach your goal. There are 'road signs' in the world of business, too . . . though often they are less apparent. That's why it's so important to know where you're going when you choose a career. To help you decide, The Canadian Bank of Commerce has prepared a compact folder which will give you the 'road signs' to the banking business. The profession presents a challenge to the young man who wants to work and take advantage of opportunities that are afforded to study and to learn on the way up. Our folder tells you more about this and it will be sent to you free on request. Fill in the coupon below and mail it to us.

Please send me your folder "BE A BANKER"

Name

Address

Mail to

The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Personnel Division
265 St. James St. West, Montreal, Que.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

**SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY
AND DRY CLEANERS LTD.**

353 FRONTENAC STREET

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Phone LO 2-2633



A TOAST TO ALL

FROM

GIN and SHERRY



C o m p l i m e n t s

o f

**JOHN DE KUYPER
& SON (CANADA)
LTD.**



J. D. MARTIN, Vice-President

C. A. BIGNELL, President

H. B. Bignell & Son Limited

INSURANCE BROKERS



Telephones:
2-4086 and 2-4087

PRICE HOUSE

QUEBEC, P.Q.

Compliments
of

Great Uncle
George

COMPLIMENTS OF

Savary's Store



COMPTON
QUEBEC

GUATEMALA

Land of Eternal Spring

The Quetzal Bird

and the

Best Coffee

REDPATH REALTIES LIMITED

SALES - MORTGAGES - INSURANCE

Telephone PL 1104



2007 UNION AVENUE

COME TO

NASSAU

Best Wishes from

RADIO STATION CKTB

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

PROGRAMMING TO THE
WHOLE FAMILY

One of 192 privately-owned
independent radio stations
serving Canadians from coast to
coast by programming in the
public interest.

DIAL
610

CKTB

DIAL
610

COMPLIMENTS OF

Royal Securities Corporation Limited

INVESTMENT SERVICE



244 St. James Street West

Montreal, Que.

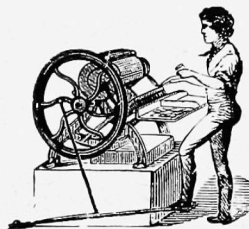
Here in the King's Hall Magazine
Some efforts of "les girls" are seen
to shine
And e'en though English is a curse
It helps them write much better verse
than mine
I raise my glass to Miss Gillard
And to her staff who work so hard
they're fine!

Grateful Parent

Page-Sangster Printing

COMPANY LIMITED

QUALITY PRINTERS
LITHOGRAPHERS
OFFICE FURNITURE
STATIONERS AND
PAPER BOX MAKERS



TELEPHONE LO 2-3861
406 MINTO STREET
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

COMPLIMENTS OF

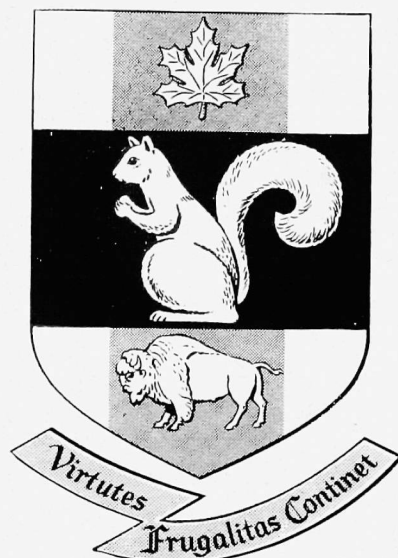
Ayre & Sons Limited

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND



ESTABLISHED 1859

Three Ringing Cheers
FOR ALL MATRICS
and a 'Tiger'
FOR THE STAFF



THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE
WINNIPEG, CANADA

COMPLIMENTS OF

COBBLESTONE FARM



HAMILTON
NEW YORK

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Yarn Shop



HAMILTON
NEW YORK

COMPLIMENTS OF

STAR PHARMACY

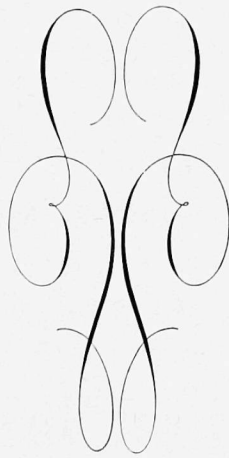


Telephone
LO 2-3744



111 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Good Luck
to the
MATRICS OF '60



COMPLIMENTS OF

Lee M. Watson & Co. Limited

GENERAL INSURANCE



SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments and Best Wishes
to the

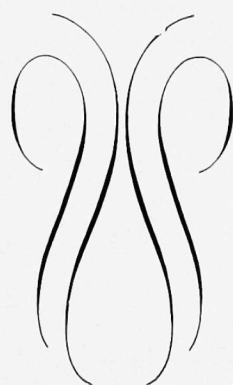
Graduating Class of 1960

from the
PARENTS OF A PREFECT

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Labatt's Brewery



Skinner & Nadeau Inc.

Certified Gemologists and
Registered Jewellers
American GEM Society

Tel. LO 2-4795

82 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

COMPLIMENTS OF

J. B. M. St. Laurent Fils, Enrg.



C O M P T O N
QUEBEC

C O M P L I M E N T S O F

Maclaren Hope Limited

I N S U R A N C E B R O K E R S

BEST OF LUCK

to

MABEL

Compliments

of

A FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS OF

MORRIS LUMBER LIMITED



706 Desnoyers Street
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

HENRI MORIN

Authorized dealer for

Evinrude Outboard Motors
and
Lawn-Boy Lawn Mowers



SALES AND SERVICE



675 THOMAS AVENUE
MAGOG, QUE.

Compliments
of

Moore Bros. Machinery
Co. Limited



Telephone
UNiversity 6-2741



933 ST. JAMES STREET
MONTREAL 3, QUEBEC

Best Wishes

to the

Matrics

of next year



COMPLIMENTS OF THE

Montreal General Hospital

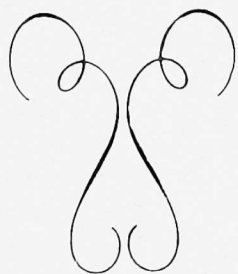
School of Nursing



MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Compliments
of

A FRIEND





Lunham & Moore Shipping Limited

SHIP OWNERS • OPERATORS • AGENTS

MARINE FREIGHT CONTRACTORS



455 CRAIG STREET WEST

MONTREAL, QUE.

JOHN A. ROLLAND

INSURANCE BROKER

Agent and Consultant



485 MCGILL STREET

MONTREAL 1, CANADA

